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A MYSTERIOUS THEFT.

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No. 473



The man stepped into the room and closed the door softly behind him.

Gold Bullet Sport;

THE KNIGHTS OF THE OVERLAND.

BY HON. WM. F. CODY, (BUFFALO BILL.)

CHAPTER IV.

In a pleasant room of the Central City House a woman paced the floor, her long trail rustling after her like the breakers upon the beach.

Upon the table, whereon stood the lamp, was a pile of gold, amounting to several thousand dollars, and in her clenched hand she held the miniature thrown into the basket by Hugh Lambert.

The face was as strangely beautiful as it was strangely sad, and the miniature was a perfect likeness of the maiden, though taken perhaps several vears before, for it seemed a trifle younger; but there were the same red-gold hair braided in heavy coils, the same black eyes with their sweeping lashes, delicately penciled brows, and ruby lips, which with every word or smile displayed the pearliest teeth.

Upon the hotel books the maiden was registered as Miss Violet Markham, of New York city, and she had told Judge Wolf that she had been brought up for the stage, both as a vocalist and actress, and had saved up a small sum with which to prosecute a search for a person, said to be in the mines of Colorado, and who held a secret regarding her parentage which she wished to know.

When robbed by Captain Satan, she had been in despair; but now she had more gold than ever she had possessed before, owing to the generosity of the miners, and she was free to continue her search once more.

This was all that was known of the lovely singer, and not the world in which to ask you if I can arrive the miner in the mountains, for he had my picture. I can ride there on horseback, and one of those good miners will guide me; I will go down at once and makes arrangements for an early start, for the storm is about over."

So saying, she left her room, locking the door after her, and descended to the hotel-office, where Judge Wolf sat, conversing with a tall man, yell-dressed, and with heavy beard, nearly start, for the storm is about over."

Without another word the man fled from the hotel as though from a weird being of another world.

"Miss Markham, your presence in our little town as uch here, and

despair; but now she had more gold than ever she had possessed before, owing to the generosity of the miners, and she was free to continue her search once more.

This was all that was known of the lovely singer, and no other questions were asked her, for her face seemed a guarantee for her truthfulness; though, when it became known that a young miner had thrown into the basket as his contribution, a diamond-studded likeness of the maiden herself, and that Dead Shot—or "Tarleton," as he was registered at the Central City House—had fainted away when he caught sight of her face, there were some who believed that she had a history that was in some way mirrored in her sad face.

Now, as she paced the room with graceful sweep, the brows were contracted in deep and painful thought, and the lips moved in low utterance:

"Strange—oh, so very strange! I cannot account for it, and this doubt as to who and what they are nearly drives me mad. In some way those two men must be connected with my past.

"Hugh Lambert they call him—a young miner who works a claim in the mountains, has universal bad luck, and is as poor as poverty, they say; yet he had this miniature of myself, set in gold and studded with diamonds worth as much as that pile of gold yonder.

"Where did he get it? and who can he be?

who works a claim in the mountains, has universal bad luck, and is as poor as poverty, they say; yet he had this miniature of myself, set in gold and studded with diamonds worth as much as that pile of gold yonder.

"Where did he get it? and who can he be?

"Hugh Lambert! I do not remember the name.

"And the other—Dead Shot they call him; the man who behaved so bravely, and beat off the Knights of the Overland single-handed; a splendid-looking man, and a gambler, they say, though no one seems to know aught regarding him; he fainted dead away when he saw my face. Who can he be?

"Tarleton is the name on the register, but that tells me nothing.

"I must see these two men, and know why it is and strictly resting an instant on any face or object.

His form denoted strength and activity, and he wore a brown corduroy suit, and kept his coat open, wore a brown corduroy suit, and kept his coat open, wore a brown corduroy suit, and kept his coat open, as though to quickly get his hands upon the revolvers upon his hips.

"That is the very question she asked about you, colonel," said the judge with a smile, while he added:

"Did you think her a ghost?"

"She is either a woman I once knew well, or her givest."

"She is either a woman I once knew well, or her givest."

"You believe in ghosts then, colonel?"

"No! that girl is the one I think it is, in propria

that my face moves them so. First, I will go to the miner in the mountains, for he had my picture. I can ride there on horseback, and one of those good miners will guide me; I will go down at once and make arrangements for an early start, for the storm is about over."

So saying, she left her room, locking the door after her, and descended to the hotel-office, where Judge Wolf sat, conversing with a tall man, well-dressed, and with heavy beard, nearly concealing his face.

as ne always has pienty of money. Do you know him?"

"I do not remember ever to have seen him before, and there certainly seems a mystery in the behavior of three men to-night at sight of me—a mystery I am anxious to solve, and I wish to ask you if I can get a saddle-horse and guide in the morning, as I desire to go to the cabin of this Hugh Lambert, who so generously contributed my own likeness as his fee to-night?"

"You shall have a horse, Miss Markham, and a guide can be easily found for you."

"I thank you, Judge Wolf. Good-night, sir, and please have me an early breakfast," and Violet Markham swept from the room.

A moment after the man called Colonel Darke entered—he had evidently been watching outside.

"Wolf, who is that girl?" he asked, in his deep tones.

persona, though I would have sworn on the Bible she was dead."

"Who did you think it was, colonel?"

"That is none of your business, sir; her presence startled me because I believed her in her grave. What does she call herself here?"

"Violet Markham."

"Ah! What is she doing here?"

"That is her business, Colonel Darke," quietly answered the judge.

"You refuse to tell, then?"

"Oh no, I really do not know more about her than she has herself told; she was robbed by that overland curse, Captain Satan and his gang, and the boys gave her a benefit, and a royal one to-night, and never did I hear a better voice than she has, and I heard Jenny Lind, years ago." reona, though I would have sworn on the Bible she

thear a better voice than she has, and I heard Jenny Lind, years ago."

"She was in one of the stages that arrived from Denver to-day, then?"

"Yes; she came over in the extra, whose driver was killed and passengers robbed, she among the me," said the colonel, musingly.

"And you are only the third man she has startled

"And you are only the third man she has startled to night."

"How mean you, Wolf? You know I just came in from the Deadman's Mine."

"Well, a young miner in the mountains, evidently one who has seen better days and is a gentleman, threw into the contribution basket as his mite, a jewel-studded ministure of Miss Markham herself, and then fled from the theater; then one of my guests, Mr. Tarleton, and whom the boys have called Dead Shot, on account of the way he laid out six of Captain Satan's band this morning, gave a loud cry and fainted in the theater, when he caught sight of the young lady; now you run for your life when you see her. You know all I can tell you, colonel, and doubtless more, too."

Here all was darkness, excepting the faint light that came from the hall below; but, as though acquinted with his surroundings, he glided forward until he came to a door at the furthest end of the passage.

Halting, he drew a long breath, and laid his hand upon the door-knob.

"Fool, that I should tremble so! What is she to me now? Nothing! and yet I risk life to come here and take from her that likeness which I madly threw away.

"But I will have it, cost what it may. She was pure when that was taken—pure as the snow falling upon the door when he hall below; but, as though acquinted with his surroundings, he glided forward until he came to a door at the furthest end of the passage.

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"But I will have it, cost what it may. She was pure when that was taken—pure as the snow falling upon the door whole."

Never when the work before him, he silently turned the knob and gently opened the door.

see her. You know all I can tell you, colonel, and doubtless more, too."

"Doubtless. Now, where is this young miner?"

"He bolted for the mountains, the boys say."

"And this Dead Shot?"

"He soon recovered from his swoon and came to his room and stayed awhile and just before you came in went down to the X. 10. U. 8. gambling saloon, for he asked me where he could try his fortune with the cards."

I will try my luck against his. Will you go down,

HARDLY had Judge Wolf and Colonel Darke passed out of the hotel, when a man's form was seen in the doorway—a form trembling, and a face white and haggard.

Upon his hat and shoulders were huge snow flakes, and rest, though he had evidently long been out in the storm, he did nottremble from cold; some deeper cause affected him.

Upon a chair near the open fire sat Sling Rum, the Chines, his head bent upon the table, and a kitten within a few inches of the floor.

As the wind howled without, the nostrils of Sling Rum played an accompaniment within doors in a dream bright dreams under the influence of his favorite drug—opium.

Noiselessly the man at the door entered the room all glieds toward the deak on which lay the register.

"Miss Volet Markham, of New York-room 33—the same room I had the week I arrived. How With a nother glance at Sling Rum he passed through the office out into the dimly-lighted hall, and noiselessly secured the stairs until he reached the Miss and the form the hall below; but, as though acquainted with his surroundings, he glided forward until the came to a door at the furthest end of the Halling, he drew a long breath, and laid his hand upon the door-knob.

"Fool, that I shoult tremble so! What is she to and take from her thal likeness which I madly thew a way.

"But I will have it, cost what is may. She was pure when that was taken—pure as the snow falling. Norving himself to the work before him, he silently turned the knob and genity opened the door. The lamp burned brightly on the table, and before turn, upon which she gazed with a strange look.

Her wealth of golden hari hung loose about her shoulders and adown her back, and she wore a robe farmed the ears of the making, who planced quickly up, beheld that trembling form, and white, haggard face so near her; she attempted to spring to her shoulders and adown her back, and she wore a robe falled her, and she slipped from the chair to the shoulders and adown her back, and she wore a robe falled her, and she slipped from the chair to the search of the same and the strange of the same fall that the search of the same falled her, and she slipped from the chair to the same falled her, and she sl



Gold Bullet Sport confronted the Angel Quartette, his gold-mounted revolvers in each hand.

oing daileant incillight A life will Soole

huge hairy arms of a monarch of the mountain—an immense grizzly bear.

Home to the hilt went the keen blade—once, twice, thrice with lightning and giant thrusts, and then the ground seemed to open beneath the feet of the struggling man and beast, and down, down, down fell the two until Hugh Lambert was lost in utter unconsciousness.

unconsciousness.

And the storm raged on for hours, the snow falling in masses; then the moon shone out clear and cold, lighting the dreary scene, but all trace of the short, fierce struggle was obliterated, and neither victor nor vanquished was visible.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TERRIBLE STAKE.

THE X. 10 U. 8. Saloon of Central City was certainly an institution in its way, and a spirited one to boot, for there was an extensive bar, behind which stood Red Turner, who could send the six bullets of his revolver into a given space, as easily as he could throw the ingredients of a cocktail into a glass; then the gambling tables, where every game of chance known in the calendar of fickle fortune, could be indulged in, and over which the game of life and death was almost nightly played, with death coming out the winner over some unfortunate.

The bar and the gambling saloon were all in one large hall, and nightly was the place crowded with those who loved liquor for the excitement it would bring, and cards for the gold they might win—or lose.

lose.

The frequenters of this saloon with the very remarkable cognomen, were many of them characters in their peculiar way—men who gambled for love of gold, others from love of gambling; men who drank deep from the love of liquor, and others who were temperate from various causes—the principal one of which was that their tongues, untied by whisky, were wont to divulge strange secrets that had best remained hidden.

Others were there nightly, who squandered away the bright dust they dug by day, while many hoped to add to their laid up store a little more to hasten on the day of their return to their homes and their families.

Many bold and honest miners were steady workers, and visited the X. 10. U. 8. merely pour passer letemps, for the long evenings hung heavily upon their hands, or rather minds.

hands, or rather minds.

Then again there was a large class of desperate adventurers, upon whose heads, were the truth known about them, hung rewards for crimes committed, and who had saved their lives by flight, and were cursing their souls by adding deadlier deeds to the red list of the past.

Such was the gathering then the night upon which Judge Wolf, the proprietor of the Central City House, and Colonel Darke, the owner of Deadman's Mine, entered the saloon.

and Colonel Darke, the owner of Deadman's Mine, entered the saloon.

Both men were well known to all present—the judge, a quiet, inoffensive man, avoiding trouble always, yet never shirking the alternative if it were forced upon him; a man who kept a good hotel, pure liquors in his bar, and allowed no disturbances upon the premises, yet who was fond of a social glass and a game of cards, be the stakes what they might. The colonel, a man known to no one in and around Central City, that any one had found out, who had owned the Deadman's Mine about two years, having won it at a game of cards, and staked his life against the "claim."

It was said to be a paying "lead," but had received

won it at a game of cards, and staked his life against the "claim."

It was said to be a paying "lead," but had received its name from the fact that several men who had owned it, had been found dead there, a pistol-shot in their forehead to tell how they died.

But the colonel took a fancy to it, a few days after he arrived in Central City, offered to buy it, and the proprietor refusing to sell, he offered to gamble for its possession, a proposition the owner, a California Spaniard, at once accepted.

Not having the value of the mine in money, Colonel Darke put his life against the balance and won the game, when the Californian at once attacked him, driven to frenzy by the loss of his valuable property, and the colonel at once promptly shot him through the heart, and had since been in undisputed possession, though there were those who were wont to say that some day another body, killed by a pistol-shot, would be found in the claim; but those chances Colonel Darke was willing to take.

Some said that he had been an officer of the army, who had committed a crime that sent him to the frontier as a fugitive; but this was only hearsay, and none really knew anything about him, other than that he was an elegant gentleman in manners, a successful gambler, fearless and resolute, and always "on the shoot," if occasion demanded, and Deadman's Mine was believed to be a splendid property, as the colonel had gotten very rich in the two years he had owned it.

When not at the Central City House, the colonel

cessful gambler, fearless and resolute, and always "on the shoot," if occasion demanded, and Deadman's Mine was believed to be a splendid property, as the colonel had gotten very rich in the two years he had owned it.

When not at the Central City House, the colonel lived in a slab-shanty at the mine, and dressed as a miner; in turn he was considerable of a dandy in his attire, wearing corduroy, velvet or broadcloth, as the humor suited him.

Upon entering the saloon, the judge said, quickly: "Drink, colonel?"

"Yes, thank you; brandy straight, Red."

Red Turner, named on account of his fiery-red hair and face, and not his carmine deeds, bowed pleasantly and placed the drinks upon the bar.

"Seen a man called Dead Shot in to-night, Red?"

"No, colonel; oh, there he comes now, if you mean the gent who wiped out the knights."

As Red Turner spoke Tarleton entered the saloon and approached the bar, and though he had changed his costume, all who had seen him at the hotel, on the arrival of the stage, at once knew him.

He now wore a suit of heavy blue material, the sack-coat serving as an overcoat, and a black felt hat with enormous brim, and a gold cord encircling it.

His pants were stuck in the top of his stylish boots, upon the heels of which were the gold spurs, and, as if to protect him from the driving snow, a scarf of blue silk encircled his neck, the ends hanging jauntily over his left shoulder.

Upon his hands were fine buck-skin gauntlets, which he drew off as he approached the bar, the act displaying a splendid diamond upon the little finger of his left hand, and he carried the riding-whip, with its gold, gem-studded handle.

If he was armed he did not exhibit his weapons, but all felt he was not the man to come to such a place without being well "heeled."

A murmur of admiration went round the crowded room as he entered, and every eye was turned upon him, and every tongue willing to admit that he was a superb specimen of manhood.

Had it not been known what he could do, some reckless fellow present wou

approach.
"Join me in a drink, gentlemen—ah! Judge Wolf,
will you and your friend also do me the honor?" and
Dead Shot turned to the proprietor of the Central
City Hoyse.

City House.
"With pleasure, sir; this is Colonel Darke, Mr. Tarleton."

The two men looked each other in the eyes, and there was something in the glance of each that caused those who saw it, to believe that they had

the colonel started, and his usually pale face turned a shade paler, while a strange light flashed in his eyes, and Tarleton smiled, yet there was much in that smile.

I am glad to meet Colonel Darke. What will you e, gentlemen?" ake, gentlemen?"
The drinks were placed before the five men, and lashed off at a swallow, after which Colonel Darke

dashed off at a swallow, after which Colonel Darke said, pleasantly:

"Now, gentlemen, who are for a friendly game?"

"Not me, you bet, colonel, kase I knows yer luck too well." said Dan Smith.

"And I will be excused to-night," was the reply of Judge Wolf, "and my friend, Buckskin Ben here, was robbed to-day," he continued.

"Yas, they snaked a leetle dust out o' my ole clothes, but I allus has a savin's bank in another portion o' my garmints; I hain't broke, but I guesses as how I won't chip in this night o' our Lord, Anny Dominecker eighteen fifty-nine."

"Then it lies between Mr. Tarleton and myself," smiled Colonel Darke.

"I will play with you, sir. I came here to while

smiled Colonel Darke.
"I will play with you, sir. I came here to while away an hour or two. There is a table," and Dead Shot led the way to a table which had been purposely vacated by its occupants, who were most anxious to see a game between the stranger and the

What stakes shall we begin with?" asked Colonel

"What stakes shall we begin with?" asked Colonel Darke.

"I am wholly indifferent, sir; make them what you please," was the cool rejoinder.

This pleased the colonel immensely, and he drew out his buck-skin purse.

"Better make it int'restin' fer ther boys, colonel, as yer did two years ago, an' play ther Deadman's Mine ag'in' so much. You has had it two year now an' hasn't passed in yer checks," said Dan Smith.

Dead Shot looked up as though for explanation.

"Dan refers to my claim, sir, which I work in the mountains. I won it from a Californian, staking five thousand and my life against it. The loser got mad at his loss and I was forced to kill him."

This was said with the utmost coolness, but the dark-blue eyes of the colonel never left the face of Dead Shot as he spoke.

Dead Shot as he spoke.

But the face of Tarleton remained perfectly emo-

tionless, and he said, smilingly:
"What do you consider the mine worth?"
"It pays me a good many thousand a year."

CHAPTER VII.

MARKED FOR LIFE.

With an evenness that created the very intensity of excitement in the lookers-on, the games between Colonel Darke and Dead Shot progressed, until four had been played, each one won alternately by the players, and but the deciding fifth yet remaining.

Colonel Darke's face was now almost black with passion, yet his nerves were steady and his voice calm, while Dead Shot was as cool as though it were a mere game of amusement, and his eyes, as he now and then glanced over the excited men around the table, seemed no brighter than before.

The hand of the fifth and last game was dealt by Colonel Darke, who, ere he had raised his cards from the table, said sternly:

"A glass of brandy, Red; will you drink, sir?"

"No, thank you, colonel," was the calm rejoinder of Dead Shot.

Red Turner brought a decanter of brandy and a glass, and the colonel filled the tumbler and dashed off the fiery liquor; then he repeated the drink, and shoved the bottle back to the bar-tender, who, since the beginning of the game had not been called on for his services up to that time.

"Now, sir," and Colonel Darke raised his cards from the table and glanced over them, Dead Shot having already done so with his "hand," and the quiet smile never left his face.

Colonel Darke led and Dead Shot "trumped," and so it went on. The game was played slowly, the crowd holding their breath, until the end. Then a yell broke from half a hundred throats, as Tarleton said, calmly:

"I have won, Colonel Darke."

yell broke from hair to dutative said, calmly:
"I have won, Colonel Darke."
The colonel was on his feet in an instant, his hand under his coat, but the gold-mounted revolver of Dead Shot already looked him straight in the eyes, with the array to coat the miner gried.

Dead Shot already looked him straight in the eyes, while the deep voice of the miner cried:

"None of that, sir! I won the game fairly, and the mine belongs to me. Your life I will not now take, but that I may know my own property, if it should stray into other pastures, I will mark you for life." The pistol flashed suddenly, not five feet from the head of Colonel Darke, who staggered back as he felt a stinging pain in his ear, while the bullet went on and flattened itself against a marble statue behind the har.

and nattened iself against a marble statue behind the bar.

"You are not hurt, sir; I merely bored a hole through your left ear. I will take possession of my mine in the morning," and Dead Shot stepped to the bar, and added:

"Gentlemen, join me in a drink, please!"

All present, with one exception, ranged themselves in front of the bar; that exception was Colonel Darke, who, with a bitter curse upon his lips, had left the saloon.

Darke, who, with a bitter curse upon his lips, had left the saloon.

"Stranger, yer sent that bullet clean through ther colonel's left year; I see ther hole myself," said Buckskin Ben, admiringly.

"Didn't I say he c'u d handle the shootin'-irons? Yer bet I never wags a false lip. Thar's the bullit, Red! jist pass it over an' let ther boys have a squint at it; they'll find it ther yaller dust, you bet," cried Dan Smith, feeling that Dead Shot was his godson, he having baptized him.

The bullet was passed around to the crowd, flattened out to the size of a five-dollar gold-piece, and was pronounced pure gold.

ed out to the size of a five-dollar gold-piece, and was pronounced pure gold.

"Pard, how is it yer can waste ther metal that way?" asked another admirer, peering forward.

"I never waste my bullets, my friend; I always hit where I aim. Gentlemen, my regards," and the drinks were dashed off with a gusto, while Red Turner tacked the flattened bullet up over the bar, with this startling announcement beneath, written in a very crooked hand, for a shot that had gone so straight to the mark.

crooked hand, for a shot that had gone so straight to the mark.

"Ther gold bullit as boared ther left hearer o' Kurnil Dark—shooted by Ded Shot ther Gold Bullit Sport, in this heur serloon."

After his "treat" the crowd expected to see Dead Shot leave the saloon; but, on the contrary, he walked over to a distant table and sat down with Judge Wolf, who had taken a great fancy to the strange man, and there they were seated in conversation when the door opened and admitted four well-known characters in Central City, and men feared as much as they were disliked.

Nominally they were miners, and they pretended to work a mine several miles from town; but when they ever worked none knew, as they were more frequently seen loafing the streets, or gambling in the saloons.

They were called the Angel Quartette, on account, it was supposed, of their being so wholly the opposite of what their name would designate, and perhaps because they all had good voices and certainly sung exceedingly well together, the only recommendation

Some said they were brothers, for they were all over six feet, powerfully built, and heavily bearded, while they were "walking arsenals," in the way of being away. oeing armed.

If a row o peing armed.

If a row occurred the Angel Quartette always
"chipped in," as they expressed it, and they were
dangerous and desperate antagonists, as many a
poor wretch had reason to know.

poor wretch had reason to know.

Their names, individually, were Jack, King, Queen and Ace—at least such they called themselves, and which was the trump of the four, none had been able to decide, not even their enemies.

As they now entered the saloon, the crowd, as though

As they now entered the sation, the crowd, as though by common consent, gave them room, and they ranged themselves before the bar, and calling for drinks, each one in turn treated the party all round, their favorite way of drinking, and each time they changed the liquor, disposing of brandy, gin, whisky and rum.

"Now we're ready for biz. Thar's a chap heur as kin play keerds tip-top, we l'arn; trot 'im out, Red Head."

Head."

This was addressed to Red Turner, and the speaker was the one who called himself Jack.

"Thar's a few chaps heur, pard, as kin handle ther papers—ter whom do yer refer?"

As he spoke, Buckskin Ben stepped before the

"I refers ter any man as isn't afeerd ter put his dust up on a game o' keerds. Is you ther galoot as has jist won ther Deadman's Mine?"

"No, I isn't him; thar sits ther pilgrim over thar, an' ef yer don't want ter git chawed up yer had better not tackle him, kase he's clear grit clean through."

hrough."
"He's yer pard, then?" and the four bullies glanced over to where Dead Shot sat, apparently

not noticing the new arrivals.

"Any man as is honest is my pard," was Buckskin
Ben's uncompromising rejoinder.

"Any man as is nonest is my pard, was bucksain sen's uncompromising rejoinder.
"You is a stranger heur, I guesses?"
"Yas, I jist comed up fer a leetle tramp, bein' as pelts has been prime o' late an' I had a leetle metal ter spend fer pizen an' sich like."
"What is yer biz, may I ax, in a friendly way?"
"My biz are not ter meddle with that which don't

"What is yer biz, may I ax, in a friendly way?"
"My biz are not ter meddle with that which don't
consarn me, yer durned shanghigh," was the quick
retort of Buckskin Ben, and he dropped his hand upon his revolver, but the weapons of the other three
of the Quartette already covered him, while all four
burst forth in a rude laugh.
"Gentlemen, this is not a fair deal."
The voice was calm, deep and resolute, and all
eyes turned to behold Dead Shot confronting the
Angel Quartette, his gold-mounted revolvers in each
hand, and, in some mysterious way, seemingly aiming at the heads of the four bullies.

"Yer has ther deadwood on us, pard. Let up an'
we'll liquor up all round."

It was the Ace who spoke, and as he knew his danger, he wished to "crawfish" as well as was in his
power.

power.

"And I intend to hold it. No, I never drink with a gang of cutthroats," and Dead Shot smiled as sweetly as though he had paid a compliment.

A quick, telegraphic look passed between the four men, and each one seemed to read what was in the others' thoughts, for, with one accord, they laid their pistols upon the bar, and Ace said, reproachfully:

their pistols upon the bar, and Ace said, reproachfully:

"Stranger, yer has insulted us, but seein' as how we is four an' you is one, we won't chip in ag'in' yer with our irons, kase it wouldn't be ther squar' thing."

"You lie! You all turned against that man, and I stepped forward to see fair play. You came here to cause a row, and if there is trouble it shall be with me; if you wish to avoid it, there is the door."

This stand of Dead Shot was a new feature, and the crowd quickly moved out of range of both parties, all excepting Judge Wolf and Buckskin Ben—they kept their stand near Tarleton, while Dan Smith dodged behind a convenient post and called out:

Smith dodged behind a convenient post and out:

"Ef yer needs me, Dead Shot, I'm on hand, you bet; but I'se paid ter drive stage an' not ter fight, onless thar's good cause; 'sides, I hain't bin weaned yet, an' my mammy are awful'ticular with her boy."

But while he spoke Dan had a revolver in each hand, and he was ready for work, if his "godson" got into trouble.

"Pard, I guesses as how I'm 'bleeged ter yer, but "Pard, I guesses as how I'm 'bleeged ter yer, but "Pard, I guesses as how I'm 'bleeged ter yer, but "Pard, I guesses as how I'm 'bleeged ter yer, but "Pard, I guesses as how I'm 'bleeged ter yer, but "Pard, I guesses as how I'm 'bleeged ter yer, but "Pard, I guesses as how I'm 'bleeged ter yer, but "Pard, I guesses as how I'm 'bleeged ter yer, but "Pard, I guesses as how I'm 'bleeged ter yer, but "No. by all the Furies!" shouted the Curate.

"And, sir, you will not deny me the honor, after this gentleman?"

Jerry Camp bowed low as he proffered the challenge, presenting his card held between the fore and middle fingers. His small, penetrating eyes and his sinuous motions made him look like a human adder.

"I think this matter better be dropped where it is.
Turner, set up drinks."
"We'll drink with yer, an' we'll shoot with yer,
against the mine. If I lose, you get my money and
you can take my life. If I win, the mine and your
life belong to me."

Every man in the saloon was on his feet in an instant excepting Dead Shot and Colonel Drake: they

againsis the mine. If I lose, you get my money and you can take my life. If I win, the mine and you life belong to me.

Every man in the saloon was on his feet in an instant, excepting Dead Shot and Colonel Drake; they kept their seats, and, after clearing his throat, the colonel replied without a termor?

"So be it, sir. What shall the game be?"

"Three out of five win. If you consider your mine worth more than ten thousand I will stake more against it.

"That sum is sufficient. Red Turner, give us a new pack of cards here."

The cards were brought, shuffled, and the hands dealt out; then a silence, such as broods around a tomb, fell upon all as the game began.

CHAPTER VII.

MARRED FOR LIFE.

WITH an evenness that created the very intensity of excitement in the lookers-on, the games between Colonel Darke and Dead Shot progressed, until four had been played, each one won alternately by the players, and but the deciding fifth yet remaining.

Colonel Darke and Dead Shot progressed, until four had been played, each one won alternately by the players, and but the deciding fifth yet remaining.

Colonel Darke who, ere he had raised his cards from the table, said sternly:

"A glass of brandy, Red; will you drink, sir?"

"No, thank you, colonel," was the calm rejoinder of Dead Shot.

Red Turner brought a decanter of brandy and a glass, and the colonel filled the tumbler and dashed off the fierly liquor; then he repeated the drink, and shoved the bottle back to the bar-tender, who, since the beginning of the game had not been called on for his services up to that time.

Parker Tarleton, by G—I I never saw such an exhibition of strength, "cried Judge Wolf, aroused out of his quiet manner by his enthusiastic admiration."

"He had never had been the eyes," replied another, while a buly fellow cried out:

"He ham made a duet of the eyes," replied another, while a buly fellow cried out:

"He ham made a duet of the remark of the miner, and buly fellow cried out:

"My treat, anobost is pour black with passion, yet his nerve s

The words were greeted with a loud cheer by the crowd, who tumbled the bodies of the dead bullies unceremoniously into the street.

As Dead Shot and his party passed on through the snow, on the way to the hotel, two men came from the shadow of a building near the saloon, and raising the dead bodies of the Ace and Jack, bore them away in the darkness. Those two men were the King and Queen, and already had they sworn a terrible oath of vengeance against the Gold Bullet Sport.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 472.)

CODY'S CHARGE, OR, REVENGING CACHE CREEK.

BY MAJOR SAM S. HALL, (BUCKSKIN SAM.)

On the towering eastern side of North Park's mas sive walls, Tumbling, springing, laughing, singing, as it cease-lessly falls,

A tiny streamlet finds its way adown the craggy steep. Oft shattered into silvery spray by lofty dash and eap; he "big-horn" loved to loiter amid the cedar's Here the Here the Sioux brave came at eve to meet his dusky maid; Here the Indian mother laid her pappoose down to

sleep, Lulled by the musical waters at the head of Cache Creek.
Below, upon the plain, this stream is fringed with trees,
And north and south there stretch vast rolling prai-

ing Sioux.

* * * * *

We will take a rapid gallop along Cache Creek's side;
You'll not want to halt, pard; you'll not care there to bide;
For see, here and there, fair women and their babes Lie mangled and scalpless beneath the green tree shades!

And strong were light.

And strong men lie there prone, with their rifles grasped tight,
Their glazed eyes staring upward, but deadened to all sight. The verdant grass, the waving plumes, and the beau-tiful flowers tiful flowers

Are all spattered over with the crimson showers.

Draw your steel, pard; take a square gaze at the "blue;"

Swear with me to avenge them; death to the ac Swear with me to avenge them; death to the accursed Sioux!

Hold!—yonder, fast-thundering over the distant hill, Comes dashing forward the "Prince of the Platte," brave Buffalo Bill!

A score of "Dread Shots" riding close in his heavy track.

"How-dee, Cody! Want us to go? You can bet it's a whack!"

Galloping madly through the beautiful flowers, Trampling, crashing, through Nature's bright bow ers, Feathers flaunt from the wild flowing hair, Feathers flaunt from the wild flowing hair, Glittering eyes from 'neath war-paint stare, Hissing quirts make the prairie steed snort; On like an avalanche come th' red cohort! Loud sounds the war-cries o'er the flowery plai Back from the mountains they are echoed agai Mingled with yells more wide-sounding still. Hark to the battle-cheer of brave Buffalo Bill! The rattling reports of the bordermen's rifles—

Mingled with yells more wide-sounding still. Hark to the battle-cheer of brave Buffalo Bill! The rattling reports of the bordermen's rifles—The horrible yells which death half-stifles—The ringing cheer, the loud rallying cry, The battle-smoke rising to the azure sky—The revolver fusilade, the mustang's shrill scream—The bowie's bright flash, the scalping-knife's gleam—A mixed, massed whirlpool of savage war, As death-songs sound through death-palsied jaw! Eyes gaze in terror, hate, rage and despair; Arrows and bullets fly thick through the air; Blood-stained and panting, the scouts of the plains After their gallant charge gather tight reins, Look over their shoulders at the terrible sight And beyond it the Sloux in confusion and flight! Then once again rings that loud-sounding Hurrah! Causing the fleeing reds, o'er the plain afar, To turn in their saddles and gaze with dread At the scouts of the plains and their own gory dead Then speaks the leader of this chivalrous band, The "Prince of the Plains," a born knight to command—
"Pards, you've done well; these murdering reds

The "Prince of the Plains," a born knight to command—
"Pards, you've done well; these murdering reds
Now lower their feather-bedizened heads;
The hands that wrested the long, flowing hair
From the heads of maidens, innocent, young and fair
Spared not the babe, at its mother's breast,
Ey war-cries scared from peaceful rest,
Filled the dark night with homes' lurid glare,
Beset each borderman's step with a snare,
Now lie, dead and stark, on the blood-stained sward
And we can now sleep without sentinel guard.
Those who escaped will remember these hills,
Where they ran hard against a tough 'box of pills.'
Come, pards, clasp hands by the sweet Cache Creek
The sun gilds the west rocks on Long's high Peak;
Clasp hands, and say amen! as along the stream
We bury the dead by the torches' red gleam."

Wilmington, Delaware, Feb. 22d, 1879.

Bowie,

WILMINGTON, Delaware, Feb. 22d, 1879.

The Knight of Chivalry WHAT A WOMAN WILL DO.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE, AUTHOR OF "ELEGANT EGBERT," "TI "TIGER DICK.

CHAPTER XV. A DUEL IN THE DARK.

SUCH words could not pass unaccounted for.

Everybody knew—with little concern, if the truth may be cold—that a duel—if not more than one—was inevitable.

than one—was inevitable.

Now like an irresistible piece of mechanism James Bowie rose from his chair until he towered to his full hight.
"Sir," he said, in a tone like the ring of an

iron bell, never having removed his eyes from the face of the man who had impeached his honor, "you have had your fling. Now comes the reckoning! Shall you keep me long wait-

got into trouble.

"Pard, I guesses as how I'm 'bleeged ter yer, but this are my funeral," said Buckskin Ben, quietly, to Dead Shot, while Judge Wolf remarked:

"Your servant, sir!" retorted the Curate, with

"ARTHUR WINGATE," "Thanks," returned the faro-dealer. "My friends can wait upon you—"
"At the Hotel Bourbon, to-morrow, at ten

O'Clock."

Jerry Camp bowed and returned to his table.

A duel being of less personal interest than the exposure of a cheat, the other gamblers dispersed to their several games, leaving the disputants

almost alone.

"Now, sir, we are ready for the arbitration of the Fates; and may Fortune favor the right!" said the Curate. I am at your command," replied Bowie,

And it is mine to determine the weapons?" "According to custom."
The Curate held out his hand, so that its trem

ilousness was apparent.
"It shall not be by the pistol," he said, "for "It shall not be by the pistol," he said, "for years have shaken the nerve that once was as firm as yours; and the bullet would fly wide of its mark, directed by so unsteady a hand. But age has not robbed me of my gripe. Therefore, I select the knife—the weapon so peculiarly your own. You find no fault with this?"
"If find fault with nothing. Geom?"

your own. You find no fault with this?"
"I find fault with nothing. Go on!"
"Again. Once I could look at the sun without finching. But turning night into day has weakened my sight. In quickness of the eye you would have an advantage over me. Therefore, let us fight in the dark. Are you agreeable?"

"I agree to anything, so that we lose no more ime!" sa'd Bowie, impatiently.
"Come, then!"

"Come, then!"
"I attend you!"
The Curate, followed by Bowie, immediately left the gambling-hall by a door which gave into a fashionable restaurant, which served as a vestibule, so to speak, to the den of deeper infamy

within Stopping before a man who had an air of proprietorship, he asked:
"Mr. Lingham, have you a room to which the light of day never gains admittance, for which we can compensate you in money, if its floor be somewhat dabbled with blood?"
The proprietor started looked at the lever

The proprietor started, looked at the lowering faces of his patrons, and comprehended the

situation at once "Why, gentlemen," he began, a little nervously, "allow me to expostulate—"
"Bah!" interrupted the Curate; "we are in no mood for shilly-shally! Have you or have you not such a room?"
"Cartainly Legatainly. I have the room."

"Certainly!—certainly, I have the room."
"Can we have it at once?"
"Yes."

"Show us the way!"
"You have seconds?" suggested the proprieor.
"We want none. If you wish witnesses to clear yourself, you are welcome to procure

"A surgeon at l ast?"
"One can be called if needed. It is not my surpose to leave room for patching!" muttered he Curate, savagely.

Bowie remained silent. "Gentlemen, I will be with you in a mo-nent," said the proprietor, and hastened away, stensibly for a key. But while he was away he whispered in the ar of an attendant:
"Fetch Dr. Meredith without a moment's

lelay!"

Five minutes later the duelists stood at oppoite ends of a room perhaps twelve by twenty eet in extent, in their stocking-feet and strip-ed to the waist.

Their only weapon was the famous (or infa-nous!) bowie-knife.

mous.) bowie-knife.

They stood half-crouching, each with his eye fixed on that of his antagonist.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" called Dick Lingham, from the doorway.

A harsh, grating ejaculation of assent came from each of the contestants.

The door was shut and locked, and, for life or death, they were wrapped in impenetrable dark.

The door was shut and locked, and, for life or death, they were wrapped in impenetrable darkness! One—perhaps both!—might never see the light of day again!

A moment later Dr. Meredith appeared, looking gravely anxious. He was a Northern man, and not yet familiar enough with the Southern Fire-eater's ready appeal to the "code" to look upon it complegently.

upon it complacently.

He was already informed of the situation, and stood mutely beside the proprietor of the restaurant awaiting the demand on his skill.

Within the chamber of death prevailed an ominous stillness. Those without waited in

constantly increasing excitement, listening with the suspense was horrible. It seemed as if it

The suspense was horrible. It seemed as if it would never end.

At last there came a savage, snarling sound, causing all hearts to leap, and then stand still. It was followed by the noise of a desperate struggle, in which the contestants must have surged back and forth through the darkened room, giving blow on blow.

"My God, gentlemen!" cried Dr. Meredith, "this is murder! Cannot it be stopped?"

Dick Lingham raised his hand in silence.

No one else offered to interfere.

No one else offered to interfere.

At last came a fall, followed by groans and the thud of tossing limbs, as of some one still through the factors of the fa struggling feebly.

Finally, dead, palpable silence reigned once

"In Heaven's name! now open the door!" again urged Dr. Meredith, starting forward. Dick Lingham, who "had been there," put his hand on the knob, and still said:

"Wait!"
The struggle might be renewed.
A minute-two—passed, the longest Dr. Meredith ever experienced, then came the sound of some one dragging himself across the floor. It stopped, and a groan resounded hollowly through the empty room.
"Now then, gentlemen, I think the affair is over, and we may enter."

And Dick Lingham opened the door.

CHAPTER XVI. WHO SUFFERS

THE sight that met the view was enough to make the stoutest heart quail.

The Curate lay on his back, ominously motionless, horribly dabbled with blood.

James Bowie sat at a little distance, supporting himself with one handle distance,

ing himself with one hand and with the other trying to stanch the blood that oozed from a terrible gash in his breast. Blood that streamed over his face and shoulders from one or more wounds in his head made the spectator shudder

with horror.

He looked up as the men entered the room. Gentlemen," he said, faintly, "I reckon he's ne. But he was the devil and all. I'm lucky done. But he was the devil and all. I'm nucky if he hasn't given me my quietus. Can you get me out of this? Perhaps I can walk, with

help."
They helped him to rise, and between two of They helped him to rise, and between two of them he walked with tottering steps.

The Curate was lifted and borne to a room where Dr. Meredith gave him immediate attention. He was found to be hacked and gashed terribly, and though no vital part had been reached directly, it would be impossible for him to rally. If he calld he heart all we twenty for reached directly, it would be impossible for infinity or ally. If he could be kept alive twenty-four nours, it would only be by artificial means.

Miriam was sent for, and Dr. Meredith then

gave attention to James Bowie.

Although he had bled a great deal from half a dozen wounds, his hurts were not necessarily serious. By his own wish he was put into a carriage and taken, Dr. Meredith knew not whither.

Of all present none knew even his name. The affair had been conducted according to the code." This satisfied all the witnesses. Before the matter got to the ears of the police, who would have made some formal show of carrying out the written law, which, however, custom made practically a dead-letter, the only actor likely to survive was beyond their slip-shod search. shod search.
Meanwhile, Dr. Meredith waited before the

savage formality, giving in exchange a card restaurant for the carriage which was to bring

Miriam.
Seeing him, she leaped out almost before the Seeing min, she reaped out atmost before the carriage stopped.

She was the ghost of even her frail self. Her whits face, her staring eyes, her quivering lips made Dr. Meredith's heart ache.

He felt that her hands were like ice as she seized upon his, chinging to them as if he were her only hope.

what has happened to my father?" she panted.
"Hush!" said the doctor. "Come; we will go

"Hush!" said the doctor. "Come; we will go to him at once."

She could scorcely walk, her limbs trembled so; and now the tears stre med from her eyes so that she could not see her way.

Gently Dr. Meredith led her to an apartment where he had her take off her hat and bathe her face to remove the traces of her tears.

"I will tell you now," he said, "that your father has been very dangerously hurt. You must not excite him by betraying emotion. Now, make an effort to control yourself."

He took her hands and held them firmly in his. It calmed her.

It calmed her.

Bravely she fought back the tears; then looking up into the doctor's face almost like a child,

May I go now?" "May I go now?"

He never forgot her face as it looked then. In all his life he had not seen such childlike innocence and sweetness of expression.

Without a word he took her to the room where her father lay. One moment he paused with his hand on the knob of the door.

"I can rely on your self-command," he said.
"Your father's well-being requires it."
She answered him with a look.
He opened the door, and she glided in like a spirit.

The man closed the door and stood leaning his head against the door-post. His brows were knit, and there were lines of pain on his face.

His fancy had flown a thousand miles away to far Boston, and this is the picture it conjured

to far Boston, and this is the picture it conjured up:

A lady, tall and statuesque, whose cold, intellectual beauty and hair slightly streaked with gray gave her a queen-like dignity. Beside her a copy of herself with the difference of a quarter of a century, the lines filled out and color supplied by the freshness of youth.

Before these two Miriam looking at them as she had looked at him a moment ago when asking him if she could go to her father.

In imagination he saw the elder lady draw her rustling skirts about her and heard her frigid tones as she said:

tones as she said:

"A gambler's daughter!"

The younger woman—so his fancy pictured it
—met Miriam's pleading gaze with a stony stare
which did not deign the least show of emotion.
So pained was the dreamer at this that he in-

so paned was the dreamer at this that he involuntarily pressed his hands over his eyes to shut out the spectacle.

This only made a background of darkness out of which the face looked at him sadly, reproachfully, so that he began to pace the hall to quiet his perturbed thoughts.

Meanwhile, Miriam had moved to her father's bedside. He was in a partial doze induced by

bedside. He was in a partial doze induced by weakness, and was not aware of her vicinity until a tremulous sigh escaped her lips. Then he opened his eyes and saw her standing beside him with clasped hands, gazing at him with all

him with clasped hands, gazing at him with all her tender soul in her eyes.

Dr. Meredith had made it his special care to fix the wounded gambler so that his daughter would not be too greatly shocked at sight of him. There were no wounds visible. Bowie had done his work well. Every thrust of his murderous knife had been received somewhere in the hold. Only the gray pallor of his face. in the body. Only the gray pallor of his face showed how near the Curate lay to death.
"Miriam, my poor child!" he breathed,

faintly And she bent over him, putting her arms around each side of him, not touching him, lest she should hurt him, only resting her cheek against his.

He could feel her tremble and hear her quivering breath.

"Ah! my darling," he sighed, "when we give the rein to our passions we do not reflect that it is you who suffer."

"Hush!" she whispered. "I have come not

"Hush!" she whispered. "I have come not to talk of what is passed, but to nurse you back to health and strength. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing. My day is over. By my own rash act I have cut off all your future. The dream of my life will fail through one moment of madness. Ah! my little one, when I think of it I could die of self-reproach."

She stopped his lips with hers, and a tear fell upon his face.

"Miriam," he said, presently, "I shall never recover from this."

"Father!"

"Let us face the truth. My time is short.

"Let us face the truth. My time is short enough. What is to become of you, my child, when I am gone?"

"Do not think of me, dear father—"

"I must. I can see now that I have been a terrible drag on you. But, oh! believe that it was because I hoped to repay you a thousand fold!"

"I do! I do."

I do! I do!" "I have cost you many an hour of weary toil and heart-breaking anxiety; and yet while I lived you had a protector. It will be different when you are utterly alone. Ab! who will watch over you then?"

As if in answer to the question, a knock sounded softly on the door.

sounded softly on the door.

It opened. M. de Calignay entered and crossed the room to the bedside on tiptoe. His hands were clasped as if he were wringing them in keen distress. His face was pale (be-cause he felt that the crisis of all his plotting

was at hand!) and drawn with lines of simulated pain.

He clasped the Curate's hand in one of his

Minism's howed head. and laid the other on Miriam's bowed head.

"Ah! what sad calamity has fallen upon us all!" he sighed, and a tear gathered in his eye.

A smile broke over the Curate's face.

CHAPTER XVII.

"GIVE HER TO ME!" M. DE CALIGNAY kept so close a watch on the doings of the Curate that news of the duel and its probably fatal results was not long in reach-

Ah! Miriam, the toils are closing about thee!

ing him.
"Sot!" (fool) he cried. "Has he spoiled all?
If Could not ing keep him from zis stupid duel? If he is dead, I have wasted time and trouble on him. But if I find him alive—ah! who knows? him. But if I find him alive—ah! who knows?—let us not despair—it may be ze key to my fortune. If I can put in operation ze plan I formed when he lay stricken with paralysis, zen all is saved. But zere is Leoline! Ah! she would rend la petite Miriam, if she knew. Her jealous fury will spoil all. But no; she must yield. If I can assure her of my truth. Well! well! if note, I will tame her!"

M. de Calignay's eyes grew round beneath his deeply-corrugated brows and his mouth took on

deeply-corrugated brows and his mouth took on a hard, cruel set which boded no leniency to Leoline, if she tried to balk his plans.

With long, rapid strides he sought Jerry Camp's gambling palace. Dick Lingham's restaurant was crowded with men discussing the tragedy. Dick was reaping a golden harvest from his local sensation.

To these M. de Calignay gave no heed. An attendant informed him where the Curate lay. "Has his daughter been sent for?" asked the

She is with him now," was the reply. M. de Calignay passed on, but stopped short at sight of Dr. Meredith pacing the hall before

"Ah! zat devil has again risen in my path!
He is before me!" he muttered, grinding his teeth and scowling furiously. "Well, if he becomes dangerous, he will be removed!"

Dr. Meredith turned.

Like lightning the expression of the Frenchman's face changed. Hatred gave place to grief like the dropping of a mask.

"Ah! my dear Dr. Meredith, you are in at-

nim?"

"A doomed man!"

"Ah! You shock me! It is note so bad—
surely, it is note so bad?"

"He cannot live twenty-four hours. If he were a younger man or had led a different life, he might rally. But not he. His nervous force has been squandered. Now he will die for want of it."

"Mon Dieu!" I cannote tell ze pain you cause
! His child!—ah! I t'ink of her!"
"She is at his bedside. She is indeed to be

And you have told her zat she will be an or-"No, I dared not tell her. I thought it better to let the truth come to her by degrees, from her

own observation."

"Ah! ze kindness of heart! You have my gratitude for your consideration for one whom I love as dearly as if she were already my

own."

Dr. Meredith started, flushed, then turned pale, He had never thought of M. de Calignay as a possible lover of Miriam; but as he looked at him now he saw that the disparity was not greater than that often seen between man and wife.

The Frenchmen was on the summer side of

The Frenchman was on the summer side of forty, and unquestionably a fine-looking man, physically. Why should not she love and wed

him?

Dr. Meredith recalled the look and tone of M. de Calignay when the latter offered him the glass of water after Miriam's fainting-fit. What had they meant? Proprietorship?

The thought brought blended emotions to the doctor's heart.

First a sense of reliaf that Fate had taken out.

First a sense of relief that Fate had taken out of his hands a question that was rapidly becoming a haunting torture to him. But it was a desperate sort of satisfaction, such as a criminal

perate sort of satisfaction, such as a criminal might feel on receiving sentence after a protracted trial in which suspense had become worse than certain death. And with this feeling came a dreary sense of desolation and loss. "You wish to see your friends?" he asked, for he felt creeping over him a strong sense of aversion to the Frenchman which rendered mere physical proximity painful. He ascribed this to jealousy, and felt that it was unworthy; but it mastered him, and he knocked on the door and then opened it, so that M. de Calignay could not well prolong the conversation. well prolong the conversation.

When the Frenchman had entered the room

a new feeling took possession of the doctor. He seemed to have abandoned Miriam to one who would not work her true weal. So with conflicting emotions Dr. Meredith tortured him-

Meanwhile, the Curate had welcomed M. de Calignay, his false friend, with a smile.

"Ah!" was his reflection, "this is the protector of my child. Fate sent him just as I asked the question. I will take it as a good omen. And he has been so kind to us both he cannot de-

sert her now."
"My good friend, do I find you again stricken down? Alas! my brother, what have you done? Had you no thought of your child—our child!—may I note call her so, since I love her tenderly?

ly?"
"I deserve your reproach, Calignay; and yet you are too kind to make it bitter," said the Curate. "Yes, I have been cruel to her—"
"Father, I cannot bear to hear you talk like this," sobbed Miriam.
"I see it more clearly now, my child, and I cannot help reproaching myself. Hoping to gain all, I have denied you much that I should have given you. Now that all is lost, I have the bitterness of leaving you desolate and destitute."

Not while I live, my good friend!" protested M. de Calignay, putting an arm protectingly about Miriam. "When you are gone she be comes my care."

The girl rewarded him with a look of deep gratitude.

gratitude.

"Spoken like my generous friend!" cried the
Curate, his eyes becoming humid. "Ah! Calignay, how can I repay you all I owe you? But
you will believe that I meant to pay you every

Can you speak of that at such a time?" cried "Can you speak of that at such a time?" cried M. de Calignay, apparently much hurt. "Ah! my friend, how little you have known me. Had I note loved you as I do, I would have done it all and more for Miriam's sake. But let ze past go. We must look to ze future." "That is what pains me—to leave a young girl all unprotected to the world." "Father! Father! Father! Father!" And with a wild burst of grief Miriam clutched her parent's hands, throwing herself on her bross of the heddide.

s at the bedside All the barriers of self-control were down,

swept away by the mighty flood of an uncontrollable grief. The girl shivered with dread, and sobbed and moaned in a way that would have moved the sternest heart Dr. Meredith knocked on the door and enter-

ed the room.

"Come!" he said, taking her gently by the wrist. "You must go and calm yourself. You shall return as soon as you have regained self-

"No! no! no! no!" she cried, wildly. "He will die while I am away! Oh! father! father With gentle force Dr. Meredith and M. de

Calignay unclasped her fingers and bore her almost fainting from the room.

While Dr. Meredith set himself to soothe her,

M. de Calignay returned to the Curate.

"Calignay," continued the gambler, picking
up the thread of conversation where he had left off, "I cannot lose sight of the temptations that surround a young girl who is cursed with pov-erty. With all your kindness you cannot pro-tect her as a father would. I have done so until now by secluding her from the outside world. And now if she were only married to one who would throw around her the protection of a

would throw around her the protection of a home, I should die easier."

"Give her to me!" cried M. de Calignay, extending his arms impulsively.

"To you?" exclaimed the Curate, in surprise.

"Ah! my friend!" cried the Frenchman, seeming to be suddenly overwhelmed by a flood of emotion. "if you only knew how I have loved. seeming to be suddenly overwhelmed by a hood of emotion, "if you only knew how I have loved her—how I do love her! You have often expressed gratitude for little services I have rendered you from time to time. Sball I be frank?—it was because you were her father. When I

pressed gratitude for little services I have rendered you from time to time. Shall I be frank?—it was because you were her father. When I came ostensibly to see you, I could feast my eyes on her loveliness and grace, and listen to ze sound of her voice. My good friend, you know me—you know what I have to offer her. Not opulence, grandeur, ostentation; but a home zat will have every comfor, and enough of ze luxuries of life to make her envied by many. And she will be ze apple of my eye! Ah! my friend, give her to me! As her husband I can hedge her round about; but only as her father's friend—ah! you know ze world!—my most tender care of her would be turned to poison!"

There were tears in the Curate's eyes.

"Calignay," he said, "I have not words to express my feelings. If I could see her your wife, I should know that her future was assured. But are you sure that you love her so—that it is not pity for her desolate condition—"

"My friend," interrupted the Frenchman, "her smile—ze touch of her hand is heaven to me! I have longed to speak to you of zis, but I feared zat your hopes for her future would lead you to reject my suit. Now zat all is abandoned, and I can offer her a brighter future zan she can hope for without me, I am bold to say—give her to me!"

can hope for without me, I am bold to say-give

Alas! her future is blighted! With means at my command I might have wrested for her the fortune that is hers of right; but after my death the case is hopeless. She has no prospects save those your disinterested offer opens to her, and I wish it were carried into effect already." "While I believe zat I am not repugnant to her, I cannot hope to fill her romantic ideal, which shall have ten or a dozen years ze advan-tage of me," said the Frenchman. "For zis

tendance?" he exclaimed, clasping the doctor's hand in both of his.

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"And my poor friend—how have you found him will yield to your judgment as to what is for her real well-being. If you put it as your dying this in the convention of the reason sne cannote have looked upon me as a lover. But she has confidence in your love and will yield to your judgment as to what is for her real well-being. If you put it as your dying wish to see us united, she cannote refuse; and she will have not not before your hold, we have the property of the second of will have my care before your hold upon her

"Calignay, it shall be so. Bring her to me. I will secure her consent, and the marriage can take place before I die."
"It will be very abrupt. Let her be surrounded by her friends. As yet Mile, Leoline knows ed by her friends. As yet Mlle. Leoline knows nothing of your misfortune. I will fetch her. It will make it easier for ze dear child. Ah! my brother, sad as I am over ze irreparable loss which I feel is impending, zere is music in my soul! Am I selfish? Do I love you less?"

"No! no! Calignay. I would not have it otherwise. I am glad that my child brings you happiness. In return you will give her peace and security."

A tear fell from the Frenchman's eyes upon the Curate's hand as he pressed it to his lips.

Alas! poor Miriam!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 469.)

LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offense; Let it pass! Anger is a foe to sense; Let it pass! Brood not darkly o'er a wrong Which will disappear ere long; Rather sing this cheery song— Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!
And vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
"Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay!
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart,
"Let it pass!"
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

El Capitan;

The Queen of the Lakes.

A Romance of the Mexican Valley.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID. CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CENA.

It was yet but an early hour when the baile was brought to a close. As a rule the Mexicans are not given to night carousing. From the mild nature of their climate, siempre-verano, most of their merry-making is done out of doors and by daylight, of which they have enough. This night, however, being "Noche Buena," the dancing ended earlier, for there was the grand supper to come, and then, at midnight, the misa del gallo, or "cock's mass," so called from the days when clocks were unknown, and the crowing of Chanticleer was relied on for the hour of of Chanticleer was relied on for the hour of

ing of Chanticleer was relied on for the hour of commencing the ceremony.

Most of the outside people went home to eat the cena in their own houses, such as were of the immediate neighborhood intending to return to the midnight mass in the chapel of the hacienda. In Mexico, where every one, women as well as men, goes on horseback, and usually at a gallop, a few miles or leagues are not considered distance.

Only the invited guests of the house reënered it for the supper—enough, however, to fill the great dining room, where tables were set nevery available space.

I did not enter with the first crush, but a few minutes after; delayed outside by a scene of tender parting. For Lorita and her brother were going home to their water dwelling, to return no more that night. Their way was through San Isidro, distant about half a league; thence along the acalete which Crittende and I be along the acalete which Crittende and I be long the acaloté, which Crittenden and I had

traversed going back to the city.

It was only to come to an understanding, when and where we should again meet. Then hands clasped, lips in contact, reluctant to speak Adios—which, however, had to be spoken—and we parted; she gliding on after the brother who had gone ahead. I turning back to join the gay throng around the supper tables.

A splendid "cena" it was, with every luxury obtainable in the Valley of Mexico, where most of the delectable dishes can be had; game in rare variety, fruits alike of the tropic and temperate zones—fresh plucked at that—with the wines of both worlds, and crystallized snow from the near sierras nevadas to cool them. A

from the near sierras nevadas to cool them. merry party as well; they who composed it very unlike people, who in another hour would be kneeling on the hard flags of a church floor,

be kneeling on the hard flags of a church floor, devoutly repeating paternosters! For now they had reached the climax of the day's enjoyment, and the spirit of misrule reigned, Christmas crackers going off like pistol-shots, amid sallies of wit and peals of laughter.

And yet I, who should have been gayest of the gay; I who had just received a confession—the surrender of a woman's heart, that one I most wished to have and hold—I was not happy! There was a weight upon my spirits, which neither the hilarity around, nor all the wine I was drinking, could remove.

Communing with myself, I tried to discover what was causing it, but failed. It had naught to do with the little unpleasantness between myself and the Doña Ignacia; though on her side

self and the Dona Ignacia; though on her side that still remained, as I could tell by her almost that still remained, as I could tell by her almost studied avoidance of me, ever since our encoun-ter in the afternoon. On mine, it was no more thought of; or, at all events, not with sufficient seriousness to account for the gloom which was now holding me in its grasp, with the tenacity

And what would account for it? For a long ime I could not think, nor even form a conjecture; only that it seemed, in some way or other, a foreboding of evil. At length, however, it began to take shape, and ugly that shape was During the hour of bliss, after that sweet waltz, During the hour of bliss, after that sweet waltz, I thought not of the circumstances preceding it, and what my partner had been saying, in the belief she saw the ruffian who insulted her. The whole incident was for the time quite out of my mind. But it came back into it now, with a vividness painfully clear, almost causing me to correct. This was the dark cloud hitherto be This was the dark cloud hitherto be cry out. Imis was the dark cloud intherto be-low the horizon, now ominously overhead. She, my betrothed, was in danger! So believed I, too truly; for, as if to confirm me in the be-lief, at that very instant came a singular coinci-dence. As the ladies had retired to array themdence. As the ladies had reinfed to array themselves in costumes more becoming the religious ceremony about to take place, Crittenden, hitherto engaged elsewhere, made his way to where I sat, and took seat beside me, soon as on his

chair saying:
"By the way, old fellow, did you see any one

ance?"
I was rather annoyed by the interrogatory, thinking it referred to the chinampera, and that he meant chaffing me—for which I was in no humor just then. But, as the best way would be to meet him in his own vein, I rejoined, with-

out showing rancor:
"Of course I did, And if your eyes hadn't been blinded by a blaze of beauty elsewhere, you'd have seen that I not only met an old acuaintance, but danced with her.

"Oh! you're speaking of the Indian girl,"
"And who are you speaking of?" I asked, the
frown which his first question had brought over
my face, quick passing away from it.
"That scoundrelly greaser who gave us the
slip—the boatman who left us boatless on the

chinampa."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, with a start.

"Have you seen him, Crittenden? I mean here

"Him, or his ghost. Though if it were the ghost, it displays a better taste in dress than the embodied individual itself. The man I saw was no longer in rags, but got up regardless of expense, in a suit of blue velveteen, buttoned all over, and swinging the best sort of serapé over his shoulder. For all I'm quite certain 'twas our

quondam boatman."

"But why didn't you lay hands on him? Or come and tell me? We have good reasons for arresting the rascal. For that matter, hanging or shooting him on the spot. What hindered

you?"
"Not the want of will, I can assure you; bu the lack of opportunity. At first I couldn't realize the fact of its being he; and when, after a little reflection, I felt sure of it, 'twas too late.

little reflection, I felt sure of it, 'twas too late. I looked all over the ground, taking your sergeant and the bugler with me, but could see nothing more of the blue velveteens. So I suppose he must have seen that I had recognized him, and given La Soledad leg-bail."

The presentiment hitherto oppressing me was a presentiment no more. It had changed to keen, active apprehension. If it was the pelado Crittenden saw, and he seemed quite sure of it, then El Guapo must have been there also, for I had long since come to the conclusion that the two scoundrels were coadjutors—both salteadores belonging to the same band.

And where were both now? Where La Bella?

And where were both now? Where La Bella? Had she got safe home?

A cold shiver ran through me, as in quick succession I asked these questions of myself. But a second, and yet stranger, coincidence was coming, and near at hand. As I was telling Crittenden what had occurred about the other suspicious character—whom he but knew by repute—a noise in the court-yard outside interrupted our dialogue. There were several voices speaking excitedly; then the dining-room door was pushed open, and an Indian youth rushed into the room, panting as if pursued!

"The brother of La Chinampera Bella!" I heard several exclaim, as I sprung to my feet, and advanced to meet him.

"What is it?" I asked.

A question almost superfluous, for I anticipa-And where were both now? Where La Bella?

A question almost superfluous, for I anticipated the answer. He gave it gaspingly:
"My sister! She's carried off! Dios de mi alma!"

CHAPTER XXV. WHICH WAY?

"Your sister carried off! By whom?" Another question equally superfluous. I

described them. "Robbers," returned the youth; "salteadores I know, for they had horses and arms. Several there were, and, Señor Capitan," he continued.

there were, and, Señor Capitan," he continued, recognizing me, "one you know yourself—the Red Hat; he that came after us on the canal!"

I stayed to hear no more, but rushing out of the room, Crittenden with me, called out for the bugler, shouting at the highest pitch of my voice. Luckily he had not gone to bed, but with two or three of his comrades was hanging around the cocina, doing a little flirtation with the damsels of that quarter on their own account.

"'Boots and saddles,' bugler! Be quick!"

The men looked amazed, less from the unexpected order than seeing me so excited. But all rushed for the stables, he of the trumpet soon letting us hear its tone, the "Boots and saddles" ringing clear around the walls of the hacienda.

While the horses were being caparisoned, I further questioned the young Indian, drawing from him all the information he was able to give. He and his sister had passed San Isidro, and were getting into their skiff—which they had left at a landing in the acaloté beyond; he was already in, the girl just stepping over the gunwale, when two men, gliding out from ong the bushes, laid hold of and dragged he back. Then, raising her in their arms, they bore her off between them. "She struggled and cried out?" "She struggled, señor; but only one cry. She

"She struggled, señor; but only one cry. She could not say more; the ladrones threw a serapé over her head—that hindered her voice."

"And what did you do?"

"I shouted loud as I could, señor. Then I jumped out of the boat and ran after them. But before I could get up they were joined by a great many others, all on horseback, and they had two horses with only the saddles upon them. On one of them they set my sister—pobrecita!

Then he who had her in his arms mounted behind, and they all galloped off."

"But how did you know one of them was the Red Hat?"

eause I saw his face, señor. I was close up before they got quite away, and the moon was on it. He wasn't either of the two that first took her off, but one of the others who met them. He was leading all, and giving directions. ook her off, but one of the control of them. He was leading all, and giving uncerthem. He was leading all, and giving uncerthem. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. Oh, yes! I'm sure it was he, senor; I've tions. seen him so often, and so had sister. She thought he was near her this night when they were dancing. She was just telling me about it as we were going back to our boat, and it made us afraid. Gone away with that man! Av de mi. What will he do to her?

His distress seemed great, but it was nothing to mine. His speech was driving me mad, and it relieved me to hear the tramping of hoofs or the pavement outside, with the clink of steel The men of my escort were ready

or the road. In a trice we were in our saddles, Crittender course along, and also Moreno. The Mexicar of course along, and also Moreno. The Mexican officer would not stay behind; instead, seemed rather pleased at being called upon once more to do duty. An ardent soldier, he had felt it irksome to have his sword so long rusting in the sheath. Something more than his sword I wanted now—his guidance; for without that our pursuit would have been but a game of blind man's buff.

And he was just the right man in the right place. He had acquaintance with every route and road in the valley of Mexico, and the mountains surrounding it. But, what was more to our purpose, he knew all about El Guapo, and where that gay Lothario made his home when playing the rôle of robber—a knowledge he had late gained from Colonel Espinosa. And just that I now wanted to possess, for I had determined on tracking the abductor to his den, if I should there have to lay down my life.

should there have to lay down my life.

In our saddles the question came up, "Which way?" of course asked of Moreno. It required him to reflect before answering it. San Isidro was near the lake's edge; La Soledad being between this and the Great National Road, by which was had traveled part way coming to the which we had traveled part way, coming to the hacienda. Espinosa said that the robber had his head-quarters somewhere near the Pyramids of San Juan de Teotihuacan. The direct route to this last place from San Isidro was by La Soledad. But there was another road which could be taken; roundabout, by reason of an isolated cerro—one of the little volcanoes spoken -which diverted it, so increasing the distance

with such spoil as he had just captured, the bandit would make back for his lair—we felt sure of that. Our uncertainty was as to which of the two roads he had taken. But we were

not long in doubt. As it chanced one of my escort was an old plainsman, of course a skilled tracker; and, soon as we had ridden out to the road leading past the hacienda, at some three or four hundred yards' distance from it, I directed

four hundred yards' distance from it, I directed him to dismount, and examine the tracks.

Flinging himself out of his saddle, he stooped down and commenced scrutinizing the ground. Luckily there was moonlight in his favor, which made it easier.

"Plenty o' hoss-tracks hyar, capt'n; but all goin' torst the Vera Cruz road. It's the people as hev been to the gatherin'."

"Go back a little the other way, toward the lake. See what's there."

"Go back a little the other way, toward the lake. See what's there."

He did as directed, walking off a score of yards or so beyond the gate of the hacienda avenue; then bent his body, with eyes to the ground as before.

"Well; any gone that way?"

"Yes, capt'n, a dozen or tharabout; but only two as seem at all fresh. The rest must 'a' passed along afore sun-up o' this mornin'."

"Do you see any from the lake—coming this way?"

"Neery one; all hev goed torst it."
"Back to your saddle!"
"That's to our advantage," observed the
Mexican officer, as we turned our horses' heads
toward the Vera Cruz road. "To make San toward the Vera Cruz road. "To make San Juan of the Pyramids, they must cross the Camino Nacional, at the village of Los Reyes. We strike it at Tlapisahua, and then on to Los Reyes. We've a good twenty minutes of time in our favor; and if we make good speed we may yet overtake and perhaps intercept them, before—"

may yet overtake and perhaps intercept them, before—"

"Forward! Full gallop!" I shouted out, without waiting for him to finish; and forward went we, fast as spurs could make our horses go. The moonlight gave us every opportunity, making the white, dusty track conspicuous, so that there was no need to draw bridle for an instant. And we drew it not, till we had reached the main road for Mexico. Nor even then; for turning toward the city, we dashed through Tlapisahua at charging speed, the clatter of our horses' hoofs waking up the people of the place, who had long before gone to bed.

In the same way we rode through Los Reyes, but not to arouse the sleepers there. Their slumbers had been already disturbed by the trampling of a troop which had preceded us; and as we galloped between the two rows of adobé dwellings, we could here and there see faces in the windows, with eyes looking out, half-curious, half-frightened.

About a mile beyond Los Reyes—going cityward, as we were—the road for the town of Tezcoco, which is the same for San Juan de Teotihuacan, turns abruptly to the right, thence tending northward along the edge of the great salt lake—Tezcoco itself. We did not yet know whether the party we were in pursuit of was ahead of us or not, and were making for the junction of the two roads to get this assurance.

junction of the two roads to get this assur-

But we got it before reaching that point. As we passed out of the little *pueblita*, the old plainsman, who was riding by my side, a length or two ahead of the others, looking down upon

or two ahead of the others, looking down upon the dusty road, said quietly:

"Fresh tracks hyar, capt'n. Ten or a dozen hosses hev jest been rid 'long this road; goin' at a consid'rable smart pace, too."

Scarce had he finished speaking, when the truth of his words was confirmed, and by ocular evidence. As we were about rounding an angle of the road—which would bring us clear of some bushes, hitherto hindering our view—we saw a dark clump in the middle of the causeway, less than a half-mile ahead, and moving, as could be told by some metallic points that sparkled in the moonlight.

"The salteadores, por cierto!" muttered Mo-

"The salteadores, por cierto!" muttered Moreno, as he spurred up by my side. "See! they're leaving the main road—turning off for

they're leaving the main road—turning off for Tezcoco."

This was true; the black mass hitherto of small dimensions, had commenced lengthening out, in echelon to the right, and kept on till we counted six complete files. For the robbers were marching in formation "by twos." Evidently they had not yet seen us; for they were going at a walk, as if they had no fear or thought of being pursued. They could not well have heard us; since for a mile or more back the causeway was thickly covered with dust, which had deadened the hoof-strokes of our horses.

Soon as sighting them, I had drawn up, giving back the command "Halt" in a half-whisper. I only stopped to take their measure, and determine the best course of action. There they were now, full before our eyes, as they advanced along the right-hand road, lances at rest, the blades of which we could see gleaming and glistening. In all about a dozen of them, not so many as of ourselves. But had there been ten times the number. I should have continued the pursuit, and I knew there was not a man at my back who would have failed to follow me.

Our halt was but for a few seconds, the Mexican officer saving: Our halt was but for a few seconds, the Mex-

Now's our time to get up with them. They're on a road where, for the next three leagues, there isn't break or bush a rat could hide itself 'Full gallop again!" I called back to the est; and at that gait we again went on.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUDES WITH A CHRISTMAS SUPPER. WE made no attempt further to conceal our

selves from the party pursued. In the bright moonlight that was plainly impossible; and soon as we had cleared the scrub, they saw us. We could tell it by their suddenly breaking into a gallop, in a bad scare, as was evident by the tone of their ejaculations, which we could dis-tinctly hear. tinctly hear.

We stayed not to look or listen, but rode arnestly on; soon ourselves turning into the ezcoco road, where we had them right in front

Henceforth it would be a simple question of peed between horses and horses; but I had no doubt about the result. The men of our escort speed between horses and noises, but I have doubt about the result. The men of our escort were the pick of my troop, all splendidly mounted; and it was not the first opportunity that had fallen to us to make trial of the American horse against the Mexican mustang. We had chased both salteadores and guerilleros before, and knew that the little native steed, although game, and bottom to the backbone, is no match in heels for his larger and longer-striding congener. But if not doubting our ability to overtake the horsemen pursued, I had fears of something that might occur when they were overtaken. I had heard of these Mexican highwaymen, when brought to bay, and under the better that the strength of the second taken. I had heard of these Mexican highway-men, when brought to bay, and under the be-lief death was to be dealt out to them, refusing to surrender, dying desperately, but first killing their captives! More than once had I seen re-corded, the case of a beautiful girl having a macheté thrust through her, just as father, brother, or lover had reached the spot, and been upon the point of effecting her rescue! What if pon the point of effecting her rescue! What ach should be the fate of her—my betrothed?

I was in a very agony of suspense—of keen apprehension. But, perhaps fortunately, I had no time to dwell upon it. In ten minutes more it would all be decided, for life or for death. We could see the pursued making every effort escape us, the pennons of their lances waving about as they struck the shafts against the sides of their horses, urging the animals on. Ours were at their best speed, breathing hard, as they pressed forward, tossing the foam from their lips in flakes that came clouting back in our faces. We in the saddles silent all—not a word now passing among us—no social save the electronic structure.

now passing among us—no sound save the clattering of hoofs—and the clinking of empty scabbards—our sabers now drawn.

Soon the half-mile of white track—that stretched between us and them, was shortened to a quarter, and rapidly getting less. Another dash would do it.

"Cut warm on the days are interest." I should be the control of the 'Cut every one down who resists!" I shouted back to my men. "But be careful you do harm the girl; for heaven's sake—for mine!" 'But be careful you don't

were the last words spoken till the muzzles of our horses were almost touching the tails of the rearmost mustangs. Then other words were ut-tered, but not on our side. They came from the bandits. No warlike shout, nor battle-cry to

bandits. No warlike shout, nor battle-cry to begin the conflict. Instead, the cowardly exclaim:

"Nos rendamos!" (We surrender!)

Never were men more astonished than we at hearing it, at the same time seeing the robbers, who had reined up, fling their lances down upon the road, piteously appealing to us to spare their lives!

Only two offered resistance as we first deshed.

on the road, piteously appealing to us to spare their lives!
Only two offered resistance, as we first dashed in among them; these in obedience to the order I had given—too late to be recalled—being instantly sabered in their saddles, out of which they dropped dead.

Fortunately, the man who carried the captive was not one of them. Seeing that I commanded, he came riding up to me—the girl on the saddle before him, with the serape still over her head, and corded around her arms.

"Señor General!" he said, "I deliver up my charge to you, and glad I am to get rid of it. Caramba! I should never have undertaken such an uncongenial duty but for our chief, who would have killed me had I disobeyed him. Ehbien!" he added, turning his eyes upon one of the two who had been sabered; "that's something to be thankful for. El Guapo will give me no more of his disagreeable orders."

I heard the words, but without heeding or thinking of them; my thoughts being occupied, as my arms, in releasing the captive from her uncomfortable situation. The bandit lent his aid with every demonstration of alacrity. When

uncomfortable situation. The bandit lent his aid with every demonstration of alacrity. When the muffling was at length removed from her head, and the moonbeams fell upon her face, I gazed at it, first anxiously, then with joy unspeakable. Her long black hair was down, and disheveled; the face it shadowed pale; but the eyes were bright and beautiful as ever—radiant of life as of light—giving me the assurance that no harm had happened her.

A wild glance, wondering and interrogative, quick followed by one of recognition, and she flung herself on my breast, crying out:

"Tis you, amante mio.' Saved I am saved!"

"Yes, Lorita querida! And you need never more fear the man who meant you harm. He is there."

I pointed to the dead body of the bandit, lying

is there."

I pointed to the dead body of the bandit, lying near with face upturned to the moon's light. A handsome face it was, even with the angry scowl, which must have been on it as he breath-

scowl, which must have been on it as he breatled his last.

She gave it but a glance, then shuddering and clinging closer to me, cried out:

"Take me away! Oh, take me away!"

I was leading her off the ground, when Crittenden and Captain Moreno came up—the latter with a peculiar expression on his face. After congratulating the chinampera on her escape, he turned to me with a laugh, saying:

"Caballero! I owe you a supper for six; which debt I shall be most happy to discharge on to-morrow, Christmas night, at the Fonda de Espiritu Santo—if that will suit your convenience."

inence."

I stared at the man in astonishment, wondering what in the world he could mean. Such a proposal at such time and place!

"I do not comprehend you, Captain Moreno."

"Possibly you will, after looking at this."

He stretched forth his hand, on the palm of which I saw something round, glittering in the moonlight. It was a gold watch.

"That's the reloja," he said, "of which by your untimely interference the pelado despoiled me. One of Losada's best, as you see; and, as I told you, cost me twenty doubloons. So you can't say I was exacting, when I put you to the expense of a supper for six."

"But how—where—when have you recovered it?"

it?"

"Ah! I'd almost forgotten that. Just now; and from the thief himself! There he lies, not likely to filch from any more fobs in this world—whatever he may do in the next. Mira!"

I looked at what he was pointing to. It was the dead body of the other robber who had fallen—he too lying on his back. Soon as seeing his face, I recognized it—as Crittenden had already done—the boatman who had betrayed us! And now, recalling his speech, about a ser-

vice I had rendered worth many hundreds of dollars, and comparing this with the price of Captain Moreno's watch, I at length understood what he meant by his mock gratitude. Foot-pad, boatman and bandit were all one and the So rapid had been our pursuit of the robbers, so abrupt its termination, we were back at La Soledad in time for the midnight mass. In

so abrupt its termination, we were back at La Soledad in time for the midnight mass. In which I took no part; though the lieutenant of dragoons did. Of myself, I only halted at the hacienda to pick up the brother of my betrothed, who had remained there in the interim. Having accompanied them to San Isidro, and seen both safe into their boat—safe enough now—I galloped back to La Soledad, arriving too late to bid "buenas noches" to the ladies of the house. They were both abed; Dofia Ignacia, if asleep, possibly dreaming about a man in blue uniform frock, with yellow facings, whose low tastes and predilections—in the matter of womankind—made him in her eyes a very monster of iniquity.

of iniquity ewhat in fear of her frowns on the follow ing morning, I took the precaution to avoid them by leaving La Soledad, soon as there was them by leaving La Soledad, soon as there was sunlight. Fortunately, I could plead plausible excuse for this early departure—duty. The salteadores we had captured, required taking on to the city, to be lodged in the Grand Jail of the Acordada. So, deputing Captain Moreno to speak my "Adios" to his cousins—the uncle saw me into the saddle. I was off levels the me into the saddle—I was off long before the hour of almuerzo. Of course, Crittenden went with me, though not without some coaxing. He

would have preferred staying to breakfast.

But if on that Christmas Day we did not eat our morning meal in the company of Captain Moreno, nor yet dinner, we supped with him—as he had proposed, at the Espiritu Santo. The same six as before, with a seventh, Crittenden himself added to the party. All it was beden himself, added to the party. All, it may be, even merrier than at our first meeting; I, myself, certainly so. For, on this night over the supper table, there was nothing said, nor insinuated, to vex or sadden me. Not even by Colonel Espinosa; who, possibly, had heard from his friend Moreno, that one day I might have, for wedded wife, her be held unritting received. wedded wife, her he had unwittingly aspersed:

THE QUEEN OF THE LAKES. THE END.

BEWARE OF SPRING.

THE first sunshine of spring is deceitful, and the draughts of air pernicious. One needs to be as carefully swathed in flannel during the spring thaw as under the permeating influence of an autumn freeze. Changes of temperature are incidious as they are sudden at this season, and it behooves people with lungs susceptible to atmospheric alternations to be most careful inoor and out; to wear garments appropriate for all seasons, never trusting to chance. A heed-less person may throw upon overtaxed shoulders a burden grievous to be borne by inattention to all seasons, never trusting to chance things which only a perpetual consciousness of facts could spare them. I know an estimable lady who, after three years of constant care on the part of friends, terminated her frail life by a willful determination to take a sleigh-ride of a few blocks. Her lungs, despite the muffling in rich fur, could not resist the influx of strong in reception proceed on the blocks. air; congestion ensued, and the home was broken. Life is too brief and too precious for such ex-periments; it is a God-given treasure, which no one but a coward and an idiot will recklessly risk or throw away. Hence, it behooves us to make the most of the immunities of art and harm the girl; for heaven's sake—for mine!" science which tend to prolong, to preserve, or I think most of them understood the nature of the appeal, which, far as they could, I knew would insure her safety. Whether or not, they

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Sunshine Papers.

The Other Side of the Question.

"WE want to hear the other side of the question!" say several gentlemen who have read the answers to the feminine inquiries: "How shall we get a beau?" and "How shall we keep him?" as interestedly as if they were of another sex. "Surely you have some ad-

Indeed I have, gentle sirs! Do you suppose its fair candidates with all the fastidiousness and satire common to men who have never found themselves at Cupid's mercy, and picking your lady acquaintances in pieces credit to the reputation of women, without a desire to give you a piece of my mind upon the

When did you discuss matrimony and young ladies? And what did you say? you demand. Such questions are just like a man! Of course you have quite forgotten all the complimentary sentences you passed upon this eminine acquaintance and that! But do not let that worry you! My memory is not quite so conveniently short, and it does not trouble me in the least, to recall to your mind that you said Miss A. did not know much, Miss B, was forward, Miss C. was awkward, Miss D. too awfully homely! And, possibly, you begin to recollect, now, that you condemned Miss Elsie as a flirt; frowned at the mention of Miss Fanny's name because she is independent; railed at Miss Gertrude for being on the look-out for a husband; abhorred Miss Helen for liking gentlemen's so-Julia who lacked intellectuality; and so through the entire alphabetical list of your female maryour satire, disdain or denunciation.

should be so hypercritical regarding the ladies who enjoy the extreme felicity of an acquaintance with you? Are you thoroughly educated, care nothing for ladies' society? Are you not working for a living? Is your intellect a peculiarly brilliant one? And if you are not the paragon that you desire the lady to be conof matrimony, by what right do you demand such perfections in her?

man has a right to claim of the woman he asks to marry him, what he cannot give—what he You say you wouldn't work for that pit

and indulge in all manner of pleasant vices may imagine. Better work than starve. of a refined, intelligent, lovely, gentle girl; and, indeed, that such ought to feel honored by your preference, and quite jump at the chance to throw herself at your feet.

But, you are mistaken! It is the old nonsense that "What's folly in a man is guilt in which men hold the majority of young ladies, fault with our situation, or for wasting or deeming that, however imperfect their own

man. There is no sex in sin, or folly or de-

Physically, mentally, and morally, men and women are equals before God. And in choos ing a wife a man has no right to demand any good beyond what he himself can bestow, though as a suppliant he may sue for the love of any woman who encourages him to such a test of fate. If he is well educated he is quite right in saying that the ignorant girl will not do for his wife; but he must not condemn her as ignorant until he has real proofs of it, nor must he prove it upon the basis that she knows nothing of that in which his education almost entirely consists; since, if he has studied medicine, while she will be quite likely to know very little upon that subject, she may be much his superior in some other branch of learning or usefulness. If he has always been quiet and careful of speech, modest of manner, and retiring in disposition, he has the moral right to say, that "Miss B." who is "forward" is not a proper woman to become his wife. Not that there is much danger of Miss B. suffering from a shower of missiles projected by her masculine acquaintances who "dare cast the first stone." If he is a model of grace it is quite natural, if rather hard, that he should condemn the next candidate for her awkward ness. While, if he is handsome, he may be excused for desiring to overlook "Miss D." who is awfully homely. If he has never flirted it is thoroughly consistent for him to refuse to marry a girl who has been thus guilty. If he is weak, vacillating, self-distrustful, cowardly it can scarcely be supposed that he would care to marry "independent Miss Fanny." If he verdant and innocent, unmeaningly, unsuspectingly, finds himself hopelessly in love, let us hope it is not with reprehensible "Miss Gertrude," who has been "on the look-out for a husband." If he lives on his father's money, his contempt for a young lady so immensely his superior as to earn her own living can be justly appreciated! If he has a brilliant intellect, he would indeed be a foolish young mar to unite himself for life to a woman incapable of appreciating it. If he cares nothing for 'society, it would be eminently fitting for him to find and marry a woman who care nothing for gentlemen's society. What a happy

ouple they would be!
Indeed, I really should sorrow for the many young men anxiously seeking wives withou ever having seen a lady quite good enough to fill that honorable position, did not I know that when once the little blind god directs his shafts their way they will become hopelessly forgetful of all their fine ideals. A man thoroughly in love is an utterly irresponsible creature; and though he is not apt to remain long in that delightful state it is generally long enough to commit some folly—usually the mar-rying of a young lady the exact opposite of his friends would have selected for him and the exact opposite of that phenomenally perfect woman he had always averred he could alone make Mrs. --

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

"NEVER SAY DIE."

Over and over again, day after day, year in and year out, do we have to listen to the same complaint; "I am thoroughly disheartened and discouraged and I might just as well give up at once for I meet with nothing but failures; and the more I strive the less do]

Now, that is all wrong in two ways: first, the remark is scarcely ever a true one-too much exaggeration in it; secondly, it is far from right to let discouragements have a bad effect on us or make us use such an expression

as the foregoing one. Now, one might not just as well give up at once without making further efforts. Did you ever stop to think, you, who get discouraged so easily, of the hardships, trials and discourage Indeed I have, gentle sirs! Do you suppose ments the early settlers in this land, we now I could listen to you discussing matrimony inhabit, met with? Scarcely had they procured Indians raided on it and left it but blackened ruins; but these settlers were workers, not whiners, and labored to build and plant again with an uncharitableness that would have done And the wives of the settlers, did they no have enough to endure, to test their courage to fill them with fear? History will tell you that woman-though you may think it an unwo manly trait-fought as hard in defense of their homes as ever man did.

Did you never hear of the young woman who rushed by a party of Indians with her apron full of powder to give to the men at the ort when the town of Wheeling was attacked? When reminded that a man would have the ad vantage over her in strength and swiftness, she answered: "The loss of a woman will be less felt." It seems to me the loss of such a woman must have been felt in those days of trouble. There were brave and heroic women in the old times; they were never "thoroughly disheart

ened and discouraged." Ah, those early settlers and pioneers could teach us many a lesson in perseverance, courage and hope. "Never give up" seemed to ciety; despised Miss Ida as you had heard she be a motto they carried into practice in their worked for a living; did not approve of Miss daily lives, and were they not better and stronger-hearted for so doing? In captivity the entire alphabetical list of your female mar-riageable friends found objects worthy only of cape or rescue? This very hope kept them from feeling their sorrows too keenly; it cheer And who are you, pray let me ask, that you ed them in their dark hours, and, by looking above for Divine help, showed that they had faith and acted up to it.

Precious little good it would have done then retiring, graceful and 'handsome? Do you never flirt? Are you not independent? Have you not thought about getting a wife? Do you spirits up, and they were always looking forward to the bright and sunny side of life for

them again.

And what are some of our trials, at the worst, when we compare them with those cerning whom alone you can entertain any ideas of others? Did you ever think of the thousands of matrimony, by what right do you demand who are compelled to toil day after day, in summer's heat and winter's cold, for a mere That is one thing that I have to say upon the other side of the question," to the young men and body together and yet who struggle brave "other side of the question," to the young men who are looking about them for wives, that no ly on and do not sit down by the wayside com-

will not give!

And I assure you, my dear sirs, I believe the average young woman of to-day is quite good enough for the average young man. You think you can commit all manner of small sins, and includes in all manner of measure vices.

Starving is not so pleasant a sensation as you with impunity, and still deserve only the love may seem very romantic to starve; you may think it sounds quite heroic for you to say you prefer starvation to working for a small salary to my ears it sounds foolish and wicked. It i

work that ennobles one, not idleness. And matters might be worse—yes, ten times worse-with some ofus; and, even were they so woman!" that underlies this careless regard in to be, they would give us no excuse for finding time in useless repinings or moaning at what lives, the lives of the women they marry must coincide with a certain sentimental masculine make our condition worse, let us strive to make idea of irreproachableness. What's folly in a man is folly in a woman—nothing more. What's guilt in a woman is of equal guilt in a Die."

What's guilt in a woman is of equal guilt in a Die."

It better and we can do so by sticking to the plucky, honorable, noble motto—"Never Say Die."

Foolscap Papers.

Some Notes for Money.

"Lend me half a dollar."—SHAKSPEARE.

MONEY! What a delicious theme! How pleas ant to allow your imagination to run off with a dollar or two, if you haven't got any yourself! Money! I love to write the word, and sit back and look at it in all its glory, even though in bad handwriting. Money moves the world; even the want of it moves people out of houses when they can't pay rent. How the inhabitant of this earth will struggle for its possession Some will even go so far as to work for it work for it. There are 450,000 young poets in the United States who would almost be induced to sit down and write an ode to spring for the miserable pittance of a dollar a line. Some people will marry for it. I would do it myself. Soldiers will go to war and get shot at the rate of thirteen dollars a month. I would never do that, I'd be shot if I do. Lead is no precious

It is even occasionally rumored around town that men's wives sometimes ask them for money, but as the rumor generally comes from the husband in question, these insinuations ought not to be credited. Turn a deaf ear as

the husbands did. Money is used for the good of mankind to pay Congressmen with, and to pay boa-excuse me, I came near saying to pay board bills. It is the great lever of the world—it beats all other things for leaving that I know of. It is the root of all evil, and if you are inconsiderate enough to use it in squaring up your debts then you make it the square root of all evil. It is as hard to hold as a—as a little piece of soap in a big hotel. It is the test of friendship, always the golden link that connects friend with friend. It is trash, besides it is handy, and no true friend should ever be without it-no friend of mine. The man without it has got into the wrong world, and he had better move out. For borrowing purposes it is extremely useful, and supplies a long-felt want—a good many long-felt wants, I may say. Preachers sometimes are almost tempted to go where they can get the most of it. Humorous writers are known to forget their dignity so far as to carry a little of it occasionally in their pockets-for what purposes no one has ever been able to explain, although I have asked a good many tailors, restaurant-keepers and washwomen. Even county treasurers have sometimes been found to have a

ittle of it in their possession. The universal question which is heard every day, and too often entirely all over the world, startling the inhabitants thereof, is: Have you got any money to-day?

The divine use of pockets is solely to contain money. I have got the pockets, I am very proud to say.

Money makes the mare go, but ah, when you bet on the wrong horse you have found out that if you ain't careful the mare makes the money go.

Some folks say money is a great care. The little money I ever had was never the least particle of annoyance to me; it was always the money which I didn't have that gave me the greatest trouble.

Money is like your wife; you never rate her so much as after she is gone—to Newport or Long Branch, or to visit her mother.

It is one of the very strongest ties that bind a young man to home, and if there is plenty of it around the domestic circle he will be content never to leave it. It is the widow's mite and if she has plenty of it I am perfectly safe in saying that then she is very mitey. All the wheels of the machinery of the Universe are nothing more than circular dollars.

How doth the little busy chink fill up all the little chinks of necessity in life! With it you can pay what you owe, that is, if you are any ways desirous to be made to Oh for what you pay. It sometimes makes a man a millionaire. A man may be worth thousands while his rectability may be bankrupt, but mone brings respect, and, in fact, is itself a great re pecter of persons, as I am very sorry to be well able to say; but the wheel of Fortune is constant ly turning, and to-day we are down while to morrow we are not up, and that's about the

There is no use for a man to act the pork in regard to the accumulation of money and wish to have all there is. You should only struggle to get as much as you want, for as much as you ant in all cases is better than to have more than you want, and I wish I could drill it into the minds of people that they would find it a

great pleasure in having just enough.

The currency of the United States is glorious; you see, ten cents make a dime, ten dimes a dollar, ten dollars an eagle; see how fast it doubles up, and at that rate how long would it take you to get rich, provided you don't make it a habit of throwing pennies into the contribution-plate on Sundays? But, alas, how soon the glerious independent eagle flies away! and his shriek is dollar-ous. The best way if you get any money is to wallet up securely for ourse-nal use. Aspire to be a coin-collectorcollector of rare and valuable coins, say 25 to 50-dollar gold-pieces, as they are as valuable as any that I think of, but don't get into the habit of despising paltry little five or ten-dollar bills, and kicking them out of your way when you see them in the street. It is mean and low, and should be discouraged. If anybody runs after ou to pay you a debt, it is very reprehensible to allow him to chase you as hard as he can run all around town and corner you in your cellar before you will accept it. It's all very wrong,

very wrong.

The gentleman who invented money has long ince gone, with the last dollar he had, but he deserves to have a money-ment (whoever he was) placed at his grave, (wherever that is) and I propose to see that it is done. tions for the purpose will be gratefully received by the undersigned. Let us all join in and shell out and honor his memory. Drop a tear and a five-dollar bill, and in your dreams you

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

FROM a wide-awake correspondent we why is a popular contributor to the STAR JOURNAL much subjected to pain? Because

Why may another be said to resemble a chanticleer? She is always a Crow-well.

What one may be said to avoid the omnibus expenses of his wife, and why? He who can

isn't he always Aiken?

What author may unjustly be supposed to be a sleuth? Badger

What author should be a librarian? Reid. What man admonishes? Warne. What author may be said to ever be in a

floury state? In-graham. What author may be esteemed by the ladies as a dear (deer)? Star-buck.

Topics of the Time.

—The Empress Eugenie is said to have lost all her animation of manner and to be singularly old and quiet.

—Queen Victoria will leave London at the end of March. She will rest one night at the British Embassy in Paris and proceed thence to the Italian Lakes, where she will be met by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who will then be on their wedding tour. Thence she goes to Germany. Prince Amadeus, Duke Aosta and ex-King of Spain, will meet Queen Victoria at the Italian frontier. The King will visit her at Lake Maggiore. Lake Maggiore.

—A Hartford dog has died of a broken heart. It was a fine setter and loved its master. One day last November while they were hunting for muskrats, the young man fell into North Meadow Creek and was drowned. The dog went home, acted strangely, ran back and forth, and finally induced a neighbor to go to the creek where the body lay. From that time the dog's health declined. It ate little of anything; it drooped; it pined, and finally it died.

—Prussia is one of the healthiest of countries.

—Prussia is one of the healthiest of countries. It has only one physician to each 5,000 inhabitants, which probably is the reason why. Au contraire: as we here in New York State "graduated" over seven hundred "physicians" last month, and as all other States turn out an equally full annual quota of doctors, the logic of it would seem to be that this country is bound to become the most unhealthy in the world. Why not shut down on the "profession" for a Why not shut down on the "profession" for a ten years' respite?

—The gentleman who maintains the chief ecclesiastical authority over the Indians has very little of pomp and circumstance when he travels among them. A covered wagon cannot withstand the winds that sweep across the prairies, so putting into an open wagon sufficient provisions for himself and his driver, and food for the two horses, the excellent Bishop Hare begins a long journey among his wild charges. At night he sets up his tent on the open prairie, or, wrapped in a buffalo-robe, sleeps in the

—The term "blue-stocking," as applied to literary persons, particularly to ladies, originated in the following manner: It was the fashion in London in 1778 for ladies to have evening as-In London in 1778 for ladies to have evening assemblies, where they might participate in conversation with literary men. Mr. Stillingfleet, one of the most eminent members of these assemblies, always wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, and his absence was so great a loss that it used to be said, "We can do nothing without the Blue Stockings:" and thus the title was gradually established.

established.

—The German Emperor is exceedingly popular at present. He can hardly enter any theater without the audience rising to their feet to hurrah and chant the national hymn. His affectionate subjects have been so inundating the palace with gifts that he has been at last forced to remind the public of a half-forgotten order in Council, forbidding the presentation of books, music, objects of art and industry, etc., without leave being previously asked for and obtained. The only outward signs retained by the Emperor of the two murderous attacks made upon him are a certain paleness, and a scarcely noticeable sling by which his right arm is supported.

—Princess Louise, it is rumored, will not re-

-Princess Louise, it is rumored, will not re-—Princess Louise, it is rumored, will not remain in Canada uninterruptedly during the term of her husband's appointment. She will probably visit England every year. Some time during the spring she will have for guests the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and one of the Russian Princes, who will be accompanied to Halifax by a Russian fleet. Lord Lorne and his wife expect to pass part of the summer near Halifax. Before their final return to England they have been promised visits from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Argyll. All these personages will doubtless take a glimpse of "the States," as the British delight to call our coun-States," as the British delight to call our coun-

try.

—Dr. G. R. Thomas, of Detriot, in an article in the Dental Cosmos, relates several instances where he has successfully replanted teeth after extraction. In fact, he claims to have done it frequently, and always with success. He also claims that teeth may be transplanted as well as replanted. He relates how he transplanted a tooth from a lady's mouth, four weeks after it had been extracted, to the mouth of a gentleman, where it took root and could not be distinguished from his own teeth. The great objection to transplanting teeth is that of inoculation. Other objections are named, but this one will be sufficient to prevent the transplant ing of teeth from ever becoming a source of great profit to dentists.

—Botel Tobago is an island in the South Seas which has lately been visited by a party of United States naval officers. They were surveying a rock east of the South Cape of Formosa, and called at this island. They found a curious race of Malay stock. These aborigines did not know what money was good for. Nor had they ever used tobacco or rum. They gave the officers goats and pigs for tin pots and brass buttons, and hung around the vessel all day in their canoes waiting for a chance to dive for something which might be thrown overboard. They wore clouts only, ate taro and yazas, and had axes, spears and knives made of common iron. Their canoes were made without nails, and were ornamented with geometrical lines. They wore the beard of goats and small shells as ornaments. Such is the account of these strange people given by Dr. Siegfried, in a letter read at the last meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

—Cotton is no longer king. Whisky is king, -Botel Tobago is an island in the South Seas

—Cotton is no longer king. Whisky is king, in this country—if mere money value makes the monarch; but, after all, when the whole world is considered, tobacco is supreme. Thus we learn that the average annual consumption of "the weed," in Germany, is six pounds per head of its entire population. In England the annual average for each person is nearly a pound and a half. In France nearly everybody smokes, and in Holland more money is said to be spent and a half. In France nearly everybody smokes, and in Holland more money is said to be spent on tobacco than on bread. Indeed, it may be accepted as a fact that tobacco is more generally used than any other single article of commerce consumed by man. Cocoa, it is computed, is used by 50,000,000 human beings, coffee by 150,000,000, hashish by 300,000,000, opium, in one form or another, by 400,000,000, Chinese teaby 500,000,000, and tobacco by 800,000,000 persons. Hence, if it be true that sons. Hence, if it be true that

"Tobacco is a filthy weed And from the devil did proceed," it must be admitted that Satan is a shrewd pur veyor, and is very properly called "Old Nick"

—While engaged last May in watching the transit of Mercury, Professor Proctor and his assistant observed an intensely bright spot in assistant observed an intensely bright spot in the center of the planet as it crossed the sun's disk. It is reported that, seen through their powerful refracting telescope, it appeared as a mere vivid point of light, central in the planet, like a hole pierced in the middle of a piece of round black card-board. It was permanent from the time the planet's center touched the one limb of the sun until it left the other limb—a period of seven hours. "If the observation was reliable," says a commentator, "it proves that the planet has a hollow axis. There are hypothesists like John Cleves Symmes, who have long held that the axis of our globe, as well as the axis of the other planet spheres of our solar system, is similarly hollow, with a clear tubular passage from the North to the South Pole." If such is the fact, it is thought that should any of passage from the North to the South Pole." If such is the fact, it is thought that should any of the balloonists of Cheyne's expedition reach the Pole they will be rather warmly received, the theory being that if the earth is a hollow cylinder, each of the Poles is the mouth of a vast furnace. In this way a German specialist accounts for the Aurora Borealis, attributing the mysterious "Northern Lights" to the glowing crater at the Pole.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: Poems by J. H.; "Religio Loci;" "An Artful Dodge;" "Young Actor's Wild Ride;" "A Girl's Freak;" "Lazy Jim;" "In a Tight Place;" "Davy's Valentine;" "Mr. Lowell's Cinderella;" "The Cottage on the Hill;" "That Mysterious Jones;" "Praise It Not;" "Old Cottage Home;" "Cobwebs;" Poems by W. J. H.; "Shadow of Sorrow."

Declined: "The Grizzly's Hug;" "Negro Oddities;"
"A Black Sheep;" "Forsaken;" "What Charley
Did;" "Mollie's Little Ruse;" "A Blunt Friend;"
"Wait Not!" "How She Won the Shoes;" "When
You are Twenty-One;" "A Night at Rockaway;"
"The Nice Arrangement;" "No Thought so Sweet;"
"Stretchers."

CONSTANT READER. Dissolve gum Arabic in warm or cold water. Your writing is very good.

M. KENT. Write freely to the gentleman. If he is earnest to serve you let him know your wishes fully. A trusty friend in such matters is to be coveted.

Bowne. The chewing gum of commerce is not made or compounded, as you seem to infer, but is the natural product of the spruce, balsam or gum tree, clarified and prepared for use.

P. N. E. asks, which he had better study, Latin or French? All depends. If you are not to be liberally educated take the French. It will be of almost daily use to you in business and polite society. EDANSON. Names of male adults must be changed by act of legislature to make their signature legal, You cannot take your mother's maiden name "without process of law" and have it hold good in law.

WILL M. Six dollars a week for a printer is low wages if you are efficient and trusty. A fair typo, with an ordinary "sit," ought to earn ten dollars per week. Don't throw up a certainty, however, for an uncertainty.

Assistant. No position, however lowly, is "humiliating." Use your opportunities wisely. What you do, so do as to please. Be cheerful, always ready for service, and you'll surely win your way to better

H. K. M. Twice a week would be enough for health. Too much of such bathing is debilitating. Just enough is very invigorating. Go to rest immediately after. It is better than any medicine, to develop strength and physical beauty.

Readers. We know nothing about the advertised plano, but presume it is as represented—a *miniature* instrument, and have no reason to doubt the good faith and honesty of the advertisers. Write them for additional information or reassurance. FRANK S. The song (music) is by Millard, but not the words. Don't indulge in sarcasm. It after awhile becomes such a mental habit or proclivity as to make you both dreaded and disliked. Be frank and outspoken, but always consider that those speak best who respect most the feelings and opinions of others.

others.

C. D. E. asks if a boy is bound out at fifteen for five years, has he any rights at all aside from those stipulated by the indentures? None. He is as virtually a serf as if born to serfdom. Cases of terrible cruelty occur under the apprenticeship system, but, as no other system for learning a trade has yet been devised, all the apprentice can do is to do the best he

can:
FLORIDA. Undressed kid in gloves or boots is always "in style," and are just as expensive as the best glazed kid. Being very soft and pliable it fits foot or hand beautifully.—For weak ankles avoid high and narrow heels on slippers or boots. The use of what is now the fashionable heel is very greatly to be deprecated, but in your case is absolutely to be avoided.

avoided.

Red Bank Boys. See the 1879 edition of Beadle's

DIME Base-Ball Player (just out) for the League
and National Club Averages for last year; also for the
"Model Games" of the season. This volume, which
issues annually, under the editorship of Henry Chadwick, is replete not only with the information you
seek, but is, in addition, a complete Manual of Instruction, Playing, Scoring, etc. All newsdealers supply it.

tion, Playing, Scoring, etc. All newsdealers supply it.

Harry Goodwin, Newark. Your lady friend is entirely justified in her anger toward you, and you owe her an immediate apology. No gentleman should be guilty of kissing his hand to a lady upon the street; and though you meant no disrespect to your friend, persons noting the act would not be likely to form a high opinion of her, and she was correct in considering herself insulted. No matter how innocent your intentions were, you should see her, or write to her, and ask her pardon for your disrespectful act. And in future do not recognize your lady friends thus upon the public promenades.

Mrs. Madge Be, Pa., writes: "Please tell me,

on the public promenades.

Mrs. Madge Be, Pa., writes: "Please tell me, through the Star Journal, what style of clothes to make for a little boy, six years old, whom I am about to put in pants. Also, the most stylish color for a nice dress suit." Make nearly tight-fitting knee-pants, to button upon a little white or calico shirt. Over this a little coat the same length as the pants, sack front. sloping away gradually from the collar, with round fronts and pockets, low down, and a deep kilting set in the back from waist line and under arm-seams.—Olive browns and greens, clarets, garnets, dregs of wine, are all new and stylish colors.

Nora says: "A gentleman offers me his services.

wine, are all new and stylish colors.

Norm says: "A gentleman offers me his services in various pleasant ways, and perceiving that I have not very many nice things, wishes to bestow occasional gifts of what he knows will please me. As I have it in my power to do him in return services that he is glad to have done, is there any impropriety in the arrangement?" None at all. It is purely a business matter. Accept his gifts if you can give what the lawyers call a quid pro quo. Only don't be under obligations to him. If he tries to bestow more than the services are worth, you can then refuse such overpay. If young ladies were more self-asserting in their rights to earn money by womanly services they would be less dependent on others for every cent they spent, and far more happy in feeling that what they spent was all their own.

T. E. A., Clarksville. When a betrothed gentle-

would be less dependent on others for every cent they spent, and far more happy in feeling that what they spent was all their own.

T. E. A., Clarksville. When a betrothed gentleman takes a personal friend of his to visit his sweetheart, the lady should treat the stranger as pleasantly as possible, and do her best to make his visit pleasant, for her lover's sake, if not for her own. If this displeases her affiance he must be a very silly person, since it is his own place and his lady's to pay their utmost attention to the visitor. If the lover left the room, he was rude and deserved the lady's contempt. He owed both her and his friend an apology for such conduct. Yes, she would be quite justified in breaking an engagement with a gentleman who had so affronted her several times. A jealous person is one of the most pitiable of human kind. He constantly renders himself miserable, and his friends as well. It is an error of disposition that should be corrected early in life. It is often a most dangerous experiment to marry a jealous person.

F. D. E., Laconia, N. H. Thanks for your kind words about the Journal. Take fine white flannel, lady's-cloth, or opera flannel, the size desired for the afghan. In the center embroider or braid name, initials, or monogram of the baby. If braid is used it must be the fine silk braid. Let the color be any dainty blue, pink, salmon, peach or cream. Embroider the edge in some pretty scallop, and lay upon a pinked projecting edge of white. Line with flannel, merino, or cloth, to match the color of embroidery. If braiding or embroidery is too much trouble, a very large and fanciful full bow of ribbon may supply the place of a worked center, and smaller bows be added at each corner. This gives you an idea of the most stylish and handsome baby afghan now used; but you can simplify this model as pleases you, by use of darker colors of flannel and less work.

Eddither the same the yellower beat fine what kind of an entertainment is meant by 'breakfasts.' and if

used; but you can simplify this model as pleases you, by use of darker colors of flannel and less work.

Edith asks: "Will you please tell me what kind of an entertainment is meant by 'breakfasts,' and if they are given outside of cities?"—"Breakfasts "are most confined to cities and large towns. They are, with occasional exceptions, informal gatherings, the invitations being extended but two or three days previous, sometimes but the day before. The guests wear walking costumes, anything neat and simple, with light or dark gloves, as pleases them. The gloves are not withdrawn until the guests are seated at the table, and the bonnets are not removed at all. The hostess presides at the coffee, chocolate and tea, while the edibles are served by a waiter or waitress—no carving being done in the room. That latter rule is not invariable, however. Breakfasts are given at ten, or half-past. It is a pleasant way of meeting a friend who is making a transient stay in town, or is about going on a journey.

ABBY T., says: "My father has selected a husband for me, and, as the gentleman desires to marry me, insists that I shall comply with his wishes. I do not know anything against the person, but I do not care any more for him than for any other stranger I might pass on the street, and I don't believe I ever shall. Do you think it would be wrong for me to refuse to obey and even leave my home, if my parents insist?"—Do not marry a man that you do not love. And if, after an opportunity to know the gentleman well, you find that your mind remains unchanged, tell him, frankly, that while your parents desire you to marry him, you never will, since you do not think that after such a plain and serious avowal to the suitor, you will be obliged to leave home. Nor would we advise such a step under any but the most extremely aggravated circumstances. No power on earth can compel you to marry against your will. Persevere in saying "No." And remember that even at the altar every woman can release herself from any bond of compulsion by an

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

THE SONG OF DEATH.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither in the North wind's breath;
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!
—HEMANS.

I am the Reaper King of earth!
They crowned me long ago,
When the world was new and young,
With its first sad wail of woe.
I stand at the bridal board,
And at the marriage bed;
I march o'er the earth in power and might—
Who will resist my tread?

Where the soldier his watch is keeping, In the lone hours of the night, And the maid in woe is weeping, I have silenced both in my might. I have stood in the halls of pleasure, When the festal bowl went round, But ere the morning star came forth, Their mirth in woe was crowned.

Man hath shaken the earth with power, And won a wreath of fame,
But I laid my hand upon his brow,
And now where is his name?
Love sat beneath the vine-clad bower,
With Beauty as I passed;
I smiled upon them in my might,
And they sunk to earth's chill breast.

I have heard the wild winds blowing,
Thro' the fields and woods away;—
I have seen earth's children weeping,
As I strolled along my way.
Where in my birth I came from,
No one on earth can say;—
Where my feet the earth doth press,
Mortals shudder—turn away.

How They Went Home

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MARIAN FIELD stopped a moment at Burnham and Burnham's window and her lovely blue eyes looked all the admiration she felt at sight of the tempting display of velvets and silks, laces and ribbons, satins and all the hundred and one accessories of a lady's toilet. All the admiration, and a little—just a little purely feminine envy, and then she turned her face away, to the quiet, plain, elderly lady who had stopped a moment, waiting for her.

"Oh, Annie, how exquisite everything is! I wonder if it is awfully wicked in me to wish we were rich, and to hate Meredith Alwyn because we are not? Let's hurry away, before I become perfectly savage."

we are not? Let's hurry away, before I become perfectly savage."

Her sweet, girlish laugh rippled out on the quiet evening air—a laugh that had just a tinge of bitterness mixed with its silver sweetness, and a gentleman who was accidentally passing at the moment, looked to see Marian's lovely face, with her blue eyes, and fair complexion, to which the crisp December air had lent a delicate pink tinge, and bright golden hair that was lightly fluffy over her forehead, and looking conettishly becoming as it escaped from the palequettishly becoming as it escaped from the pale-blue zephyr hood she wore. It was just the merest passing glance he had, but enough to show him the surpassing loveliness of Marian, and the quiet well-bredness of both Marian and

and the quiet well-bredness of both Marian and her sister.

And then as they passed further away into the dusk of the night, he went into a quiet little drug store, next Burnham and Burnham's brilliantly illumined show-windows—interested into inquiring of the pleasant faced lad, who, standing at the door had heard and seen the ladies.

The lad went briskly around to his post behind the counter at his customer's entrance.

"I want some postage-stamps and cigars, my boy—I believe that was what I wanted, at least, until the sight of that lovely girl that just now passed drove it from my head. Who were they, do you know? I'll take a half dozen of those Reina Victorias—yes."

The drug clerk promptly selected the choicest cigars, talking pleasantly the while.

"You must mean Miss Field and Miss Marian; they just went by. Miss Marian is called the prettiest girl hereabouts. I think so."

The gentleman smiled at the young fellow's enthusiasm.

"I quite agree with you; I think I never saw

enthusiasm.

"I quite agree with you; I think I never saw a more perfect face. Field—I think I've heard the name before. How great is the extent of my bill, please?"

"A dollar, just. And there's such a romance connected with them," the clerk went on, dealing out the change for the five, his godsend of a customer had laid on the show-case.

"A romance? Indeed! Ah, yes, thank you, I will take a light. But the romance?"

"Why, to-day they are as poor as—oh, so poor they have to earn their own living, while six months ago they were the heiresses to the Deaconwoode estate—perhaps you know where that is? Unless you are a stranger."

"I certainly am a total stranger but I have

that is? Unless you are a stranger."

"I certainly am a total stranger, but I have heard of the great Deaconwoode estate; it's worth a million dollars, more or less, I've been told. And those ladies were the heiresses?"

"Yes, sir—from the time when they were born and brought up on the place—and not until all of a sudden, was it discovered that there was somebody who had a better claim on it than they—a first nephew to old Mr. Field, and these young ladies were second nieces—and so, the lawyers made a row about it and and so, the lawyers made a row about it and Miss Field and Miss Marian walked out as patient and proud and smiling as ever, and took

patient and proud and smiling as ever, and took up their quarters down-town, and earn their little salary that wouldn't buy the toilet-water they used to order here, of a year."

"Quite a remarkable experience for two young ladies, and you have told it well. It really is a pity—yes, thanks, one, two, four—all right. A fine night!" And Mr. Meredith Alwyn nodded to his diffuse young friend, and took himself slowly, thoughtfully up the street, that led directly to the magnificent estate of Descenwoode.

Deaconwoode. Deaconwoode.

"Beggars—those splendid women—that lovely-voiced, sapphire-eyed girl, fit to sit on the grandest throne under heaven! Beggars—through my acceptance of uncle Cyril Field's legacy! Why didn't somebody tell me the atrocity of such wholesale rascality? Is it fate, I wonder that through the directly in expecting the such wholesale rascality? I wonder, that threw them directly in my path, almost the hour of my arrival in this strange place whither I had come to see my new accession? And how shall I see them again?"

"Will we do it? Why Annie, of course we will do it! It would be a direct flying in the face of Providence to refuse such a godsend. It won't be any trouble for dear old Elsie to cook

won't be any trouble for dear old Elsie to cook for one more, and that big empty room that looks out on the chimneys of Deaconwood—we will never use that room, Annie. And only think—twelve dollars a week! It will tide us through the winter so comfortably."

Marian Field's eyes were shining like blue stars, as she talked eagerly and rapidly to her staid elderly sister, sitting in the sunny east window, tying the ends of the threads of the silk handkerchief, she had finished hemming—an immense pile, shimmering like fragments of

immense pile, shimmering like fragments of rainbows against her dark dress.

"But—dear—the idea of our having—a boarder—and—a—gentleman boarder at that! If it was a lady, now—"

Marian laughed. "You dear, proud old darling! Why shouldn't we have a gentleman boarder as well as anybody else—and just the handsomest man you ever saw, Annie! And, entre nous, ma sœur ever saw, Annie! And, entre nous, ma seur, if it was a lady who had applied to us, I wouldn't think of it—such fussing, criticising creatures as we are. But, give a man plenty of good things to eat, and if he pays twelve dollars he is entitled to the very best of the market, and Elsie's specimens of Deaconwoode cooking, and a cosey, warm, well-lighted place to enjoy his slippers and cigars, and it is all he wants to make him a hanny animal."

happy animal."
Miss Field smiled, amused in spite of herself, yet there was a reluctant look in her eyes as she looked in Marian's bright, hopeful face.

"You must do as you think best, dear. I dare say it will be all right."

say it will be all right."

And so it came to pass that Mr. Meredith Alwyn took possession of the room in the Field sisters' cottage, that looked out on the chimneys and turrets and towers of Deaconwoode—took possession as their twelve dollar a week boarder, and gave his name as Curtis, and in course of time very naturally came to be on the most excellent terms with them, until one day, Miss Field, in a particularly confidential mood, told him all about the romance of their lives; how, until so lately, they had lived their life of elegance and ease at Deaconwoode, and how the prospect of their future had faded as completely and suddenly as a beautiful dream.

"Whoever this usurping heir is, he must be a double-dyed rascal—selfish to the heart's core—to have defrauded you so."

Mr. Curtis seemed remarkably emphatic in his denunciations.

"Oh, I would not like to think that." Miss

denunciations.

"Oh, I would not like to think that," Miss Field said, in her gentle, womanly way, "because he certainly had a right to it, and I dare say he was delighted at his good fortune, and surely he ought to enjoy it."

"I don't know about that, Miss Field. I think it simply inhuman for a more than the

"I don't know about that, Miss Field. I think it simply inhuman for any man to turn two delicately bred women out of their home of elegance and ease, as this villain has turned you out. Perhaps he did not know, but he should have been told, and he certainly should at least have divided."

Miss Field smiled.

"But people don't often be so generous, Mr. Curtis. Yes, for Marian's sake, it would be pleasant; but I don't know. The discipline of adversity and the necessity for effort are making a grand woman of her, while I must confess I rather shrink in distaste."

An hour or so later he and Marian went out for a little stroll—they had fallen into that habit lately.

A Fair Face;

GUY FENTON'S ESPIONAGE.

BY ELEANOR BLAINE. CHAPTER I.

GUY FENTON. A BRIGHT, clear, sunny afternoon melting into twilight—that was the time; and the scene was Albemarle Villa, half-hidden by tall, clustering

beeches.

Two ladies standing at a window, waiting for

Two ladies standing at a window, waiting for an expected guest.

Guy Fenton arrived late, just before dinner; and after hastily changing his dress he entered the drawing-room where Mr. Arnsdale, the owner, stood, awaiting his appearance.

"Very glad to see you, Guy," he said, advancing with a smile. "Very glad you've come up to this dreary place again."

"Thanks, uncle; there's nothing gives me more pleasure than to throw aside my lawbriefs and take a trip to quiet little Albemarle."

You look a little worn out, Guy. Is business

"You look a little worn out, Guy. Is business brisk?"

"Well, yes; just now our court calendar is pretty well crowded."

"Here are the ladies!"

The door opened and Laura Arnsdale and Miss Evelyn, her governess, came in.

Guy Fenton turned around from the window. His glance fell upon the governess. He saw a plain dress, but a wonderfully beautiful girl, and he made way for her as for a princess. There is an impulse, not of admiration simply, but of respect in our first sight of a beautiful woman; because we intuitively reverence "You he rest of this sentence was cut short by the appearance of Laura and Isabelle Evelyn, who came out of a little summer-house near by.

"Oh!here is Guy," exclaimed Laura. "Come, sir, you were going to play truant and we want you for our boatman this evening. We want to sail, do we not, Belle?"

Miss Evelyn smiled an assent.

"I am at your service with pleasure," replied Guy, throwing away the end of his cigar.

"A beautiful evening, Miss Evelyn!"

"Quite charming for a ride on the river," she murmured, in a low, nusical tone.

"From some of your acquaintances, I suppose?"
"No, some people that live in Madison Avenue,
I think. They were out of town at the time,
and I didn't take the trouble to hunt them

up."
"She's quite young—not much older than Laura, I should say."
"Yes. She's more of a companion than an instructress to Laura."
Finishing his wine and leaving his uncle to enjoy a quiet nap, Guy Fenton went out to smoke his cigar and take a look about the place, for he had not been at Albemarle for the space of five months. months.

The low evening sun shone up from the west-ern horizon, and flooded the air with splendor. From glittering ivy, from thickets, from the discolored foliage of lofty boughs, the birds sung out their vesper lays and glorified the coming

Guy Fenton was a man of refined taste and endowed with a sense of the beautiful, and these scenes, enchanted by the twilight hour, thrilled

"How can they call this place dreary?" he said, looking down at the river whose surface was unruffled and reflected every object near, like a polished mirror. "If I only possessed such a home and had such a woman for a—"



under such peculiar circumstances?"

Marian laughed.

"That's nonsense, Mr. Curtis, and I shall not allow you and Annie to discuss such incendiary topics! Divide! Of course not—do you think I'd accept charity at the hands of Meredith Alwyn? Deaconwoode is lawfully his—let him loop it dearly as I love it every stone accept

Alwyn? Deaconwoode is awtunly mis—let mm keep it—dearly as I love it, every stone, every tree, every room, every picture."

Her impetuous young voice thrilled out, brave, almost defiant, as they walked along in the gathering dusk. Then, he suddenly called her name, in a tone that instantly brought the flushes to her cheek.

It was the first time he had ever omitted the

formality of the prefacing title. "I am jealous of Deaconwoode, because you love it so, and I want you to love me! Marian, my darling, tell me if you can, if you do? Ma-rian, sweet, I love you so—if you will let me!" It did not need more than one look in her eyes

It did not need more than one look in her eyes to read his answer.

"I—cannot help it—can I?" she said, shyly, sweetly, and then, on the quiet suburban road, in the gloom of the early nightfall, he took her in his arms and kissed her over and over.

"And now," he said, as she nestled on his arm, and they turned their steps homeward, "about this Deaconwoode affair. You, of course, have no objections to going back there? You have so imperiously declared you will not accept your cousin Meredith Alwyn's charity that there only remains one more course open. That there only remains one more course open. is, to ask you to resume your sweet sway there, as rightful owner, and—Meredith Curtis Alwyn's wife—my own little blue-eyed darling. Is it yes, again? Because you know, you cannot help yourself, nor will you want to if you love me, little cousin Marian, little wife Marian.

And that was the way they went back home.

power. The momentary scene was fixed in his mind forever. He had cause, afterward, to re-member how that figure and face appeared to him, for the first time, in the shadow of that

Isabelle.

Guy Fenton approached, smiling, and took her and deferentially, and told her that he had leard a great deal about Miss Evelyn from his ousin, and was very happy to make her ac-

Isabelle Evelyn liked his manner very much; she felt that she was treated like a person of

she felt that she was treated like a person of consequence, and as one worth pleasing.

A tall, graceful man of twenty-six or seven years of age. His face decidedly handsome with its dark blue eyes and classic modeling. His hair chestnut and curling in loose tendrils brushed carelessly back from a broad, high forehead. And pervading his features a winning charm of expression, a subtle fascination. Such was Miss Evelyn's mental description of Guy Fenton as she and Laura strolled along the lawn after dinner, while Mr. Arnsdale and his nephew sat sipping their wine.

"Miss Evelyn is rather a pretty girl, uncle?" said Guy, leaning back in his chair, and holding up his glass, filled with choice old sherry, so that the light might shine through it.

"Yes, yes, her manner shows it—quite a won-derful creature, indeed!"

"Yes, yes, her manner shows it—quite a won-derful creature, indeed!"

"In Armedele's solitude, at Albemeric Ville.

Mr. Arnsdale's solitude at Albemarle Villa had given him careless habits of soliloquizing, and as Guy glanced sharply into his eyes he would have given something to have recalled his last words.
"Where did you say she came from, uncle?"

"I advertised for a governess—you know Laura was very lonely last April after her mo-ther died—and Miss Evelyn answered the advertisement. She came from the city, quite highly recommended." Guy Fenton was a practiced oarsman, and he moved Mr. Arnsdale's pretty wherry over the rippling surface with perfect ease, while the young ladies sat, in the stern, on the padded seats, and watched the long, regular strokes. After pulling down the river some distance Guy drew in the oars and allowed the boat to drift back with the tide, only, now and then moving the rudget to keen it in its course.

the rudder to keep it in its course.

The three people chatted very pleasantly together and it was not long before Guy Fenton and Miss Evelyn seemed as much at home in each other's society as if, indeed, they had been old

acquaintances. Miss Isabelle Evelyn could converse upon most any topic Guy chose to mention. She had traveled in Europe, and had spent two years in Paris completing her education. So when he spoke of the masterpieces at the Louvre he found her perfectly familiar with them; and in fact there was hardly any celebrated place or noted thing she had not visited and seen. In music she was quite an enthusiast, and in literature Guy found her intelligence always on a

evel with his own.

Poor Laura, who knew very little about these subjects, and who was quite ignorant concerning whatever part of the world there might be beyond the limits of her father's estate, remainded the state of the state. ed silent and listened.

She was astonished, and, perhaps, a little iqued, yet she did not show it, at the wisdom of r governess. She began to feel uneasy and to vish they were ashore. Somehow or other, as he leaned over the boat's side and looked into he calm and silent water, a cruel and tantaliz-ng thought stole into her brain: "What if Guy hould be bewitched by Isabelle Evelyn's beauti-

"Miss Evelyn is a beautiful woman—a price-less pearl," thought Guy, "yet I am sure I can't quite understand her."

CHAPTER II. LEAVING these young people for a while, we will go back to a few nights previous to the

opening of this story, and make acquaintance with one of our characters, as he sits in a boat floating in the East river, off the Battery.

There was a drizzling rain, and it was so dark that no object could be seen twenty feet ahead.

The man sat quietly in the stern, directing the course of the boat with an oar, as the tide impelled it along. Now and then the shadowy bulk of some vessel with its ghostly sails would start up very near him, pass on and vanish. The sound of steam-paddles, the clinking of iron chains, the creaking of blocks, the measured working of oars, and the occasional violent barking of some passing dog on shipboard would come to his listening.

Approaching the channel, near Governor's Island, where the current sets out strong toward the sea, he pulled in the oar and, bending over, lifted with all his strength the body of a man from the bottom of the boat onto the gunwale. There was an indentation over the insensible man's left temple out of which the blood was oozing and trickling down his face.

The man paused for a moment as if to recover his breath, and then again leaning over he carefully examined the face before him.

"It must be he!" he muttered; "I can't have made a mistake—though the face looks a little too old for his."

With these words he let the body slide noiselessly over the side into the water. The ripples passed over the sightless face for a moment, dreadfully like faint changes of expression—then it sunk out of sight.

"This tide will take him through the Narrows before morming awar." a chilescard the Narrows

passed over the sightless face for a moment, dreadfully like faint changes of expression—then it sunk out of sight.

"This tide will take him through the Narrows before morning, sure," soliloquized the man; and dropping onto the seat he took up a pair of sculls and rowed up the river.

The rain was falling fast and the clocks of the city were striking three as this man, muffled in a heavy coat, with a slouched hat pulled over his face, hurried up the front steps of a mysterious-looking house in Prince street and gave the door a loud rap with his knuckles.

After some minutes the turning of a key sounded in the lock and the door was partly opened by a negro, who looked cautiously at the man before allowing him to enter.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said the black.

"Yes, of course it is; why do you keep me standing here in the rain until daylight?" and he pushed by the negro and entered the hall.

"The missus been waiting for you this ere long time, Master Jem."

"Where is she?"

"Is there any one in the saloon, up-stairs?"

"In the back room." 'Is there any one in the saloon, up-stairs?"

The man, going to the further end of the hall, opened a door and a flood of light streamed over him, which, coming so suddenly from the outer darkness, caused him to shade his eyes with his hand until they should become accustomed to the charge.

omed to the change.

The apartment that he now entered was of medium size and luxuriously furnished. A fire burned in the grate, near which sat a woman rather inclined to be stout and advanced beyond the prime of life.
She looked around when the man closed the

She looked around when the man closed the door behind him.

"Well?" she asked.

"It's done!" he replied, sullenly, throwing himself into a chair opposite her.

"For certain?"

"Yes, for certain."

"How?"

"Chreat it "he graphed lacking at her say.

"How?"
"Curse it," he snarled, looking at her savagely, "it's done! Ain't that enough?"
"No. Tell me, Jem Lash, how it was done?" she exclaimed, raising her voice in an angry

Drowned!"

brilliant.

"Drowned?"
"Yes; and sent out to sea with the ebb-tide." The woman's curiosity seemed to be satisfied with this for she bent her head forward, so as to rest upon her hands, and stared meditatively at the fire.

at the fire.

These two persons formed a strange couple.

The relation between them was mother and son.

Madam Devant, or Old Mother Lash, as she was sometimes called, had a pale, sallow face and greenish gray eyes, which, at times, gave a very fiendish expression to her countenance.

Her son resembled her very much, and as he sat in the luxurious chair with the firelight playing over his features, a reader of faces could have easily imagined him capable of any villainy.

villainy.

The mother and this son kept a gambling sa-

loon in this house in Prince street, which, at the time we write of, was a popular resort for sporting men and "young bloods" about town. In this house many a fortune had been lost, and many a dark deed done which never had been whispered to the public.

New York city is a strange place and York city is a strange

strange things happen in it every day in the week.
Whatever crime had been committed on this dark and rainy night by Madam Devant and her son remains to be developed.

CHAPTER III.

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER. WHEN Guy and the ladies reached the boathouse, Mr. Arnsdale was there and joined them in the walk toward the house. The moon was now up and the night was

"Four abreast is a little too much for this path, isn't it?" said Mr. Arnsdale. "You shall lead, Guy—you and Laura," and he and Miss Evelyn fell a little behind.

Archibald Arnsdale strode on beside Miss

Evelyn in silence; a topic somehow did not turn up at once. He saw from the corners of his eyes her elegant figure moving beside him, with eyes her elegant igure moving beside min, with a little space between; he saw her features, too, clearly enough in the moonlight, and that she was looking straight before her, rather downward, as she walked, and very gravely.

"I want to speak to you, Miss Evelyn, upon a little business," he said at length, glancing ahead to satisfy himself that they could not be overheard by his daughter and perham.

by verheard by his daughter and nephew.

Miss Evelyn threw upon him a grave look of nquiry.
"Yes, a little business," he repeated.

"Yes, a little business," he repeated.
"Very well, sir."
"Now, really, I wish you would leave off siring me," he urged, in a low tone, "unless you want to vex me." There was no remark

'I sometimes think, Miss Evelyn, you are a ittle haughty."
"Haughty!—really?" replied she.

Yes, haughty," he repeated. "Because you keep me so at arm's-length.
All very well, of course, if I were a young man;
but I'm not—I'm an old one."
"I'm very sorry; I hope I'm not haughty,
sir," she said, in a contrite way that was very

"There! sir again!"
"You were speaking about some business,
Mr. Arnsdale, I think?"
"Yes, so I was. I want to know—you'll
really do me an essential kindness if you will—
will you consent to help me a little with my
letters, my accounts—in short, be my secretary?"
An enigmatic smile passed over the features
of Miss Isabelle Evelyn at this proposal.
"I should be very happy to assist you, Mr.
Arnsdale, but I think you would find me incapable."

"But you can write a very clever letter, and
—I never pay compliments—I'm quite past that
time of life—"

"I will try, if—if you will promise to have patience with me, and not be displeased."
"Displeased—I? quite the contrary. There, you need not look puzzled. I thank you very And with these words, drawing near to her

side, he took her hand and pressed it.
"Then it is agreed, isn't it?" he said, in a low She laughed a little, and said "Yes"; and he thought she blushed as she laughed. Yes, she did blush; he was sure she blushed a little.

While this little talk was going on Guy and

Laura had wandered some distance ahead, paying no attention whatever to those behind them.

"You haven't said yet that you were glad to see me, Laura," said Guy.

"But you know I am glad, Guy."

"It is all very well for you to say so, if you didn't laugh when you say it."

"Was I laughing?" and the pretty girl leaned lightly on his arm. "I wasn't conscious of it."

"It's very odd what pleasure you take—I don't mean you, in particular, but all of you—in bewildering and mocking us men. I never know when you're in earnest. You're so awfully insincere, and take such delight in it."

"If one's known to be insincere, one's incapable of deceiving any more, and nobody has any right to complain, don't you see?" urged Laura, ingeniously.

Guy laughed, and acknowledged himself beat-

en. Mr. Arnsdale and Miss Evelyn now joined them again and then the party of four broke

Miss Isabelle Evelyn, going to her room and locking the door, sat down before her glass, thinking and looking all the time at her reflected features. She liked looking at herself in the glass. She knew that she was beautiful; and glass. She knew that she was beautiful, and that her beauty was her power.

She took a letter from her pocket which she had that evening received. It was open; she was not now about to read it for the first time. Moving her bedroom candle near, she read it over again in an anxious way and her cheeks was a shade peler than usual.

over again in an anxious way and her cheeks grew a shade paler than usual.

Twice she read it, and a strange, wild look stole over her features. Then she thought profoundly, then for the third time read the letter through, and turned round the back of the envelope, and looked at that, and so at last held it up to the light and burned it to ashes.

She sat on the side of her bed for a long time and fell into a deep rumination, and did not recollect herself until the chill recalled her.

So, with a little shudder, up she stood, shook her beautiful dark tresses round her shoulders, and gathered them into a few great folds, and extinguishing the light, laid down to await the coming of quiet sleep. But her head was full of all sorts of weird fancies. There was something in that letter which kept running in her mind and would not permit her to close her eyes. It was the words, "Drowned, and sent out with the tide."

CHAPTER IV.

A BAD DREAM.

A BAD DREAM.

A WEEK elapsed and Guy Fenton still remained at Albemarie Villa. When he left his office in New York he had promised to come back in a few days, but now business for a time was forgotten, and his only thoughts were of Isabelle Evelyn. Her presence to him was sunshine, and her absence gloom.

He, however, took great pains not to let his uncle discover the state of his feelings toward the governess by the slightest look or word. Because he had two reasons for keeping his passion concealed. In the first place he was not certain that Miss Evelyn entertained any other feeling for him than respect; and in the second place he knew that his uncle had always desired that he should some day become Laura's husband.

One evening while Guy Fenton and Miss Evelyn were standing alone in the drawing-room, near one of the windows, conversing in a low tone, Mr. Arnsdale—whom they thought to be more than a mile away—entered unperceived.

more than a mile away—entered unperceived.

He beheld them with a shock. Guy was holding Isabelle Evelyn's hand in his, and she was looking down, her cheeks dyed with a brilliant

blush.

But a moment passed before they saw him, and Miss Evelyn glided through the window that opened upon the veranda in front.

Archibald Arnsdale stood stock-still in the doorway, a terrible expression upon his face.

Guy eyed him with a strange stare, but was quite himself before his uncle had half-recovered.

ered. "I thought I heard your voice, uncle, and I "I thought I heard your voice, uncle, and I wasn't wrong—just the moment coming up the path," said he, gayly. "Miss Evelyn came in to inquire for you. She wanted to know something about your letters—some instructions. She's your secretary, isn't she?"

"My letters—yes, she writes them sometimes. You both thought, of course, that I was still away," said Mr. Arnsdale, fixing his eyes upon his nephew and speaking in a measured way.

"I really had not been making conjectures on the subject," Guy replied, coldly.

Mr. Arnsdale said nothing more; he was aware that he had said something very foolish. He turned round and went into the library, at the opposite side of the floor of this room he stood for some time with downcast eyes and darkened face, not exactly thinking, but rather stunned, and with the elements of fury indistinctly rolling in his breast.

Blake was no stranger to them now, and iron never was more dangerous than when he smiled and appeared harmless.

"Halt!" he cried, as he rose in view
And the promptitude with which the advancing band stopped, rooted as it were in their places, when the command reached their ears, was something wonderful.

"How are ye, alcalde!" Blake continued. "I feel quite delighted at seeing you so near my hunting-grounds. You extended to me the hospitalities of Tejon Campo only a little while ago, and now it is my turn."

"You are a bold, impudent blade!" the alcalde exclaimed, scowling darkly, "but I give you fair warning that I am in no mood for joking to-day and that I'm here on business."

"So I supposed, judging from the looks of your escort."

"You and Sandy McAlpine have been riding a pretty high horse and it is about time that I don't

tinned, and with the elements of fury indis-tinctly rolling in his breast.

He walked to the window and looked out, without an object. A pleasant female laugh came to his ear, and he saw Miss Isabelle Eve-lyn talking with Laura on the lawn a little dis-

tance away

tance away.

"I'm a fool!" he muitered, throwing himself into a chair; "that girl is deceitful; she has only been aimusing herself at my expense."

As we have said, Mr. Arnsdale was a proud, vindictive man, and this little scene in the drawing-room had stung his pride to the quick. In truth, he regarded Isabelle Evelyn as his future wife, and, perhaps, he had a right to believe that she really loved him. He was now undergoing the agonies of jealousy. Moreover he felt mortified to think that, perhaps, his nephew had discovered his secret.

While in this mood Archibald Arnsdale's eyes happened to fall upon the portrait of his dead

happened to fall upon the portrait of his dead wife which hung on the wall directly before For a moment he looked at it blankly, and

then he shuddered, for he imagined there was a look of reproof in that sad, sweet face gazing at him steadily as if it would start from the

Nineteen years ago!—he remembered it very well—he had married Agnes Cresswick, a pretty, fragile girl. She had loved him devotedly. But his love?—where was it now when she had been dead not quite a year? It had long burnt out, cold ashes years ago—gone before their first. years ago-gone before their first

child was born.

"Agnes had kept him down in life," he said. "She had always been a dead weight on him. If she had been a different woman," he thought, "he might have won a higher place in the world. And there was Laura, a perfect copy of her mother—a pretty face, but nothing else, no mental force!"

Long he sat in his library alone and pondered moodily. Until, after having finished a bottle of wine and smoked several cigars, he fell asleep with his head resting upon the back of the chair.

Sleeping in this uncomfortable attitude, with his head full of the fumes of liquor and tobacco, it was scarcely strange if Archibald Arnsdale

dreame l a bad dream.

He thought that he was standing near a large tree overhanging the ravine at the back of the house. All was dark and gloomy, and a still-ness like the stillness of death reigned over the

whole scene. Not a breath of wind moved the leafy branches of the trees, and the waters of the brook seemed stagnant. He tried to move away from the place, but was unable to stir hand or foot. Some spell that he could not shake off held him fast.

Presently a faint glimmer of the moon pierced athwart the universal gloom, and in the faint, uncertain light a shadowy figure came creeping

uncertain light a shadowy figure came creeping to the opposite edge of the chasm.

It was the face of Isabelle Evelyn.

The shadow looked across at him, and then lifting a white, transparent hand, with a triumphant smile, pointed to the bottom of the deep hollow where the filthy water lay.

He looked down. At first he saw nothing until the moon shone out fuller, and then there glimmered, cold and white beside the stream, a tombstone with this inscription:

tombstone with this inscription:

(To be continued.)

WITH CLEARER VISION.

BY CARLOTTA BERRY.

I saw to-night the man I loved Three little years ago. I did not think so short a time Could change a mortal so!

But when I looked at him to night,

I saw no single trace
Of the old glory; only just
A very common face.

I know full well he has not changed So very much. Ah, me! But I was blind in those dear days, And now, alas! I see.

'Tis very dreadful to be blind, Of course, and yet to pick

One little thought will trouble me—
I only wish I knew
Whether he still is blind, or if
His eyes are open, too.

The Heiress of Buenaventura.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF-DEMON," "INJUN DICK,"
"THE POLICE SPY," "THE WITCHES OF NEW
YORK," "THE CHILD OF THE SAVANNA,"
"PRETTY MISS NELL," "THE MAN
FROM TEXAS," "ACE OF SPADES"
"OWLS OF NEW YORK,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXXIII. A BATTLE ROYAL.

So suddenly did the sport arise from his place of concealment that for a moment the astonished men gazed upon him with wonderstricken eyes, just as if he had been an airy spirit from another world, rather than the bold mortal of solid flesh and blood which he was.

mortal of solid flesh and blood which he was.

Blake was dressed exactly the same as he had been when he had first made his appearance in the mining calp, no sign of arms or traces of hostile intent, but he rose as quietly and faced the well-armed band, who were evidently on blood and slaughter bent, as calmly as though there were no bad blood between himself and the desperate men of Tejon Camp.

No sign of arms the sport displayed, we say, and each and every member of the invading band noted this fact at the first glance, but Blake was no stranger to them now, and they all understood that the man of ice and iron never was more dangerous than when he smiled

a pretty high horse and it is about time that you, and all like you, understood that I don't allow any such going-on in my neighborhood. I've come after Stuart McKerr, and if you know when you are well off you will surrender him at once and give yourself up at the same time; otherwise I may be obliged to make an example as to deter other rash men from at

"Oho! you think that you are supreme master here, then?" retorted Blake, in a tone which was

extremely exasperating.
"You will find before you are an hour older that I am master hyer!" the alcalde angrily re-

claimed, defiantly

claimed, defiantly.

"As a warning that you don't want any cutthroats around except the scoundrels that follow your lead?" Blake suggested, and at this
home-thrust there came up, like an echo from
amid the rocks and stunted pines, a sort of chorus
of deep 'Haw-haws!' an ominous, specter-like
sound that caused the alcalde and his men to
crasso their weapons and glare earnestly and sound that caused the alcalde and his men to grasp their weapons and glare earnestly and anxiously around them.

Blake smiled as he beheld the astonishment and alarm of the invaders.

His confident manner puzzled them. Had they been led into a trap? Had the trail purposely been made plain and easy so as to entice them up into this wild and desolate spot and into an approach.

tions of the astonished band, the chorus of invisible "haw-haws!" seemed to come from a score of throats, and to entirely encircle the little

glade wherein they stood.

Anxious then were the looks that the band cast around them, and dark the angry scowl

He awoke suddenly with a cry, and just then a sharp, light knock sounded on the library door. He was bewildered for a moment, then said, "Come in."

And in obedience to his invitation, the handle was turned, and the door gently opened.

"Good God! is it you?" said Mr. Arnsdale, in a wild whisper.

Isabelle Evelyn stood before him.

Isabelle Evelyn stood before him.

ess in California?

less in California?"

Blake laughed in contempt.

"You pig headed foo!!" he exclaimed; "do you suppose that if I was belpless and without backing, I would have allowed you to track me so easily? Oh, no! It was my game to lead you on, to lure you into a trap, from whence with life you will never escape. You are completely surrounded by my men, not one of your force but is covered by trusty weapons in the hands of sharp-shooters whose superiors ain't to be found on all this hyer Pacific slope. I just rose out of my ambush to give you fair warning—to save the shedding of blood, if you are at all inclined to listen to reason. I've no quarrel with all of you men, but this gentleman, my bold alcalde, is my mutton; and now I've got him just where I want him. The rest of you can git!"

For answer the alcalde deliberately raised his interest of the content o

For answer the alcalde deliberately raised his rifle and pulled back the hammer.
"Is it war?" Blake cried; "look out for your-

self, then!"

The alcalde pulled the trigger, but at the very moment that the piece was discharged, Blake dodged down behind the rock which had previously sheltered him and the bullet whistled harmlessly over his head.

Sharply rung the crack of the alcalde's rifle on the still mountain air, and a dozen echoes, each one as strong as the original report, repeated the sound.

d the sound.

ed the sound.

No empty, harmless echoes, these phantomlike "cracks" either, for the leaden bullets came
whistling from the stubby clumps of pines and
from the cover of the bowlders, behind which
the secret foe was ambushed.

No foolish boast had the Fresh of Frisco made
when he had declared that he had the invaders
in a tran-

a trap.

The effect of the volley was terrible—six of

The effect of the voiley was terrible—six of the alcalde's men were down, either slain out-right or badly hurt.

And the deadly fire continued, too, dropping, irregular shots, the fire of the skirmish line, for the ambushed men were so near to the entrapped alcalde and his force that they were using their six-shotters now.

No matter how brave the men were, individually—it was not in human nature to stand and give battle against such overwhelming advan-

tages.

A few wild, random shots the alcalde's men fired and then they broke and fled! "Each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," was their motto.

Even the alcalde followed in the flight, carried away by the sudden rush, and then from their coverts rose Blake and his band, and followed in pursuit.

their coverts rose Blake and his band, and followed in pursuit.

Fast raced the fugitives over the rude and broken ground, and fast the pursuers followed. Blake and Sandy McAlpine had marked the alcalde for their prey, and untiringly as the gaunt prairie wolf on the trail of the wounded buffalo, they followed the desperate, defeated master of Tejon Camp.

Ten times at least Blake, with his wonderful marksmanship, could have "dropped" the fugitive with a snap-shot, as he caught sight of his broad back as he raced through the scrubby pines, or clambered over the jagged rocks, but the Fresh refrained. He wished to take alive the bold spirit, who had so long with an ironthe bold spirit, who had so long with an iron-hand ruled over the Mohave valley; he hunger-ed to put him through some of the "sprouts" that the Black men of Tejon had practiced upon

him.

The two pursuers began to gain upon the fleeing man, and he, understanding that he could
expect no mercy from either one, determined to
sell his life dearly.

The alcalde preferred to die rather than fall to the hands of the men whom he had arrows into the hands of the men whom he had wronged. He felt that his strength was failing, and that he could continue his flight but a little while longer, and though he had doubled and twisted around like a hunted hare yet he could have a failing and wounds show that I fought like a tiger!" "And are you all that is left?" cried the alcalde, with blazing eyes, as he looked upon the faces of the good, stout men who had so often

not throw his eager pursuers off the track.

A desperate man indeed, he determined to turn and fight for his life although the odds were against him.

were against him.
Crafty was the move he made.
Coming to a little open space he raced across it for dear life and plunged into the pines beyond, but the moment he was sheltered by the timber he turned, and taking deliberate aim at Blake, as he advanced into the opening, fired, but the Fresh was on his guard, and the moment he noticed that the hunted man had stopped he flung himself upon his face. imself upon his face.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN UNEXPECTED EVENT.

Not a whit too soon was Blake's action, for the well-aimed bullet of the desperate alcalde whizzed by him not a foot above his head. If the wonderful instinct of the Fresh had not oise made by the fugitive in his flight, that he alcalde had halted, this brief, but exact, pronicle would have come to a sudden end, for he death of the hero should always end the

But, Blake was well up in frontier tricks,

But, Blake was well up in frontier tricks, and the moment he discovered that the alcalde had halted in his headlong flight he understood that the desperate man, determined to sell his life dearly, had resolved upon resistance.

McAlpine, seeing Blake dodge down, followed his example. Although they were two to one yet the pursuers did not think it prudent to attempt to advance, for the alcalde, intrenched behind the rocks, was pretty certain to hit one or both of them.

or both of them. The only thing to be done was to flank the fugitive in his well-chosen position.

Neither McAlpine nor the Fresh were the kind

of men to let the grass grow under their feet in an adventure of this kind, and so immediately, round in a half circle, to attack the alcalde in All was still as death; the quiet of the great

primeval forest reigned, for the two men skulk-ed along, stealing forward to their design with all the cautious stealth of the red son of the wilderness from whom they had learned the cur

But their craft and skill alike were set at naught; the alcalde was no novice in woodcraft, and he had taken advantage of the stoppage of the hot pursuit to steal away.

He had halted only long enough to fire the shot and force his opponents to take to cover, and then, silently as a snake, had retreated.

McAlpine and Blake came face to face right behind the bowlder which had served the alcalde so well.

like a gentleman, selling his life as dearly as possible."
""He who fights and runs away—" quoted

Sandy.

"'Will live to fight another day;' eh?" cried Blake, finishing the quotation.

"Let us pursue him at once!"

"What, after the start that he has got?"

"I think that I am woodman enough to lift the trail."

cold taint of fear beginning to sap their stouthearts.

"That is a question that you had better ask yourself and prepare at once to answer it!" the alcalde cried, roughly.

"And why should I prepare to answer it!" Blake asked, with that arrogant coolness which in him was so exasperating.

"Why?" the alcalde fairly shouted. "Why? Don't you understand, my bold buck, that we have come after you and the boy whose quarrel you have so rashly taken upon your shoulders, and now that we have run you to earth, all that you can do is to surrender at once or else, inside of five minutes, there'll be one bold sport the less in California?"

"I think that I 'Am woodman enough to lite trail."

"Do you think you can over these bare rocks that leaves no mark of human footstep?"

"Yes," replied Sandy, confidently.

"Yes," replied Sandy, confidently.

"McAlpine in truth was a pretty good tracker, and almost as good on the trail of a flying foe as any red devil that ever lifted hair, and the alcalde in his headlong flight had not taken any pains to disguise his trail; in fact, he had no time to accomplish this if he had wished to; and so, in spite of the bad nature of the ground which rendered the task a difficult one indeed, McAlpine soon "lifted the trail" in mountain "Well, go ahead; that sort of thing is out of my line."

McAlpine in truth was a pretty good tracker, and almost as good on the trail of a flying foe as any red devil that ever lifted hair, and the alcalde in his headlong flight had not taken any pains to disguise his trail; in fact, he had no time to accomplish this if he had wished to; and so, in spite of the bad nature of the ground which rendered the task a difficult one indeed, McAlpine soon "lifted the trail," in mountain parlance, and fast he and Blake followed in the footsteps of the flying man.

Little hope had the Fresh, though, of overtaking the fugitive, for he reasoned shrewdly that, with the start that the alcalde had gained, such a thing would be almost impossible. And so it proved; for, after following the trail clear down to the foothills, where it struck the regular old Indian path, and was lost amid a dozen other footprints, the pursuers were forced to give up the chase.

"Satan himself protects this man!" McAlpine exclaimed, in anger, as he came to an unwilling halt.

"No doubt, no doubt!" Blake replied, in a

"Satan himself protects this man!" McAlpine exclaimed, in anger, as he came to an unwilling halt.

"No doubt, no doubt!" Blake replied, in a tone of perfect conviction, "and the big chief with horns and tail has no better servant than the alcalde of Tejon Camp."

"I had a chance at the scoundrel three or four times, but I waited until I could be sure of my game," Sandy remarked, in a regretful tone.

"And so missed it altogether!" Blake cried, laughing. "Now, in future take pattern by me—always 'pull' on a man if you think you have half a chance of hitting him; that's my rule always, and it's these snap-shots—nearly all of which are more luck than markmanship—that have given me the reputation of being one of the best men at the trigger on the coast."

"I'll crack at him the next time, whether I think that I can bit him or not!"

"And that next time will come very soon," Blake remarked, as they struck back into the upper trail again.

"The sooner the better!" Sandy replied.

"I reckon that in this little affair to-day we have laid out one-half to two-thirds of the best fighting men the alcalde could muster in his cut throat camp, and now I think that the man who takes Alex Blake by the beard won't have to be backed by an army."

Significant words when coming from the lips

Leaving the two to retrace their way to the stronghold of the Wolves in the mountain, we will follow the footsteps of the defeated ruler of the Mohave valley.

the Mohave valley.

Black had quite a reputation for a great many gifts among the Tejon Campites; but, as a runner, he had never been counted much, yet it is quite doubtful if there existed a man in all the Mohave valley, white or red, who could have beaten his "time" that day.

Winded and weary, full of rage at his defeat, and swearing great schemes of vengeance upon the man who had so completely beaten him at his own bold game, the alcalde approached the mining town, and, just at the same moment, from Ifferent points in the foothills, came other breathless and haggard men, one and all bearing evident marks of the terrible exertion which they had made.

The alcalde halted and surveyed them with eyes inflamed with rage—not with rage toward

the surprise of the ambuscade. The alcalde was the only man who had been fortunate enough to escape without a wound.

Five men straggled forth from the pines of the foot-hills and came doggedly forward to meet their leader, and each and every man shook his head as he came up to the alcalde, as much as to say: "It wasn't my fault: my blood

backed his quarrels ceeded in escaping with only a slight flesh wound, "I think that there is not many more. What would you have? They slaughtered us like sheep in that trap, and then chased us through the mountains like so many devils. By the bones of all the saints! I never ran so fast before since I was born!"

"Five conly five left" the algebra cried.

"And then they followed us as we fled as fast and as close as our own shadows!" the Mexican ejaculated. "Caramba! if I live to be a thousand years old, I shall never forget this day's work?"

"Well, it's done now and can't be undone, but our turn will come, boys, and then we'll pay back what we owe for this day's work with double interest. The members of the gang made wry faces at

The members of the gang made wry faces at each other; they were quite satisfied to let the matter stand as it was; they had not the slightest desire to ever face the dare-devil sport and his followers again. You had better enter the ranch by the back

course they swore that they wouldn't

breathe a word to mortal, and then they all pro-ceeded to the hotel.

The alcalde went at once to his private apartment and washed off the stains of the battle and flight, then proceeded to recharge his weapons. Hardly had this been done when the door opened, and Stuart McKerr, pale and agitated,

"Yes, a challenge to mortal combat."

And before the alcalde could cry aloud his atonishment at this, the loud, bold voice of Jackson Blake rung out, clear as the tone of the herald's trumpet, in the street of the mining

I know a home where no paper is taken
To lighten the gloom of the long winter hours;
I know a desert where no dew is shaken
Out of the depths of the velvety flowers;
I know a love that will never grow olden
As long as the heart that contains it shall beat;
I know a smile that is lovely and golden,
Ay, and a laugh that is ringing and sweet.

I know a grave where the summer-time roses
Cover a story they e'er would conceal,
I know a vale which the sunlight discloses,
Sacred to sorrow the true-hearted feel.
I know a face which, with purity beaming,
Rivals the beauty of twilight's queen star;
I know the castles we build when we're dreaming;
I know the land that awaits us afar!

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Merle, the Mutineer:

THE BRAND OF THE RED ANCHOR. A Romance of Sunny Lands and

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "WIFFOUT A HEART," "THE SURF ANGEL," "THE CORSAIRS OF HISTORY," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE CRE-TAN ROVER," "THE PRATE PRINCE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE DUELLO.

Then we may as well at once settle the matter

insult."

"I came not here, Colonel Guarena, to offer an apology! I appealed to you, believing you to be a brave man, to aid me in exposing this man as a scoundrel, and you refused, and the inference was that you were a coward, or his ally; such, in spite of your high rank, I believe you to be."

Merle spoke with calm firmness, and the face of the Mexican officer flushed, while he replied:

"And you then desire that it shall be war between us?"

"Guerra al cuchillo, señor," (war to the knife, sir,) said Merle, with intense distinctness.

The two friends glanced at each other, and, as they had done several times before, turned their gaze in the direction from whence they had come.

"Do you expect others, Señor Colonel?" asked Merle, noticing their look.

"My servant, yes, señor, with my sword."

"You wear it at your side, Colonel Guarena."

"True; but not my dueling blade."

"I have a pair of rapiers here—they are just allike; and you can have your choice," and Merle drew from a buck-skin covering two real Damascus blades."

I prefer to await for my own weapon, Señor Mer-

"You are the best swordsman in the army; meet im with his rapiers, but don't hurt him; disarm im, and then we can make him prisoner.
"If you do not cross weapons he will return, and ur work will be all to do over again, for he is suspicious pour." ous now."
"Señor Merlino, as my servant is backward, I will
be señor Merlino, as my servant is backward, I will
be señor señors as it matters little to me

use one of your rapiers, as it matters little to me what weapon I run you through with," said Colonel Guarena, haughtily.
"You are confident, señor; take your choice," and Merle held the two weapons toward his enemy.
"I am confident, señor, because I feel my power to prove my words.



No marble brow, no soul-lit orbs, The face was round and sleek That once to my love-baunted eyes Was so intensely Greek.

Of course, and yet to-night I should be happier, far, if I Had not received my sight.

The Fresh of Frisco;

A Story of Southern California.

tempts to dispute my power in this hyer re-

sponded.

"I'll go you ten to one on that!" the Fresh cried. "I'm master hyer, my man! Did you ever hear of the Wolves of Tejon?—"

"A band of cutthroats that I'll string up to the pines on these hillsides one of these days like onions on a rose as a warning!" the alcalde exclaimed defiantly.

Oh, don't be alarmed, gentlemen!" he cried in his light and airy way. "It's only one of our odd mountain echoes. We have very strange echoes up here in the mountains, sometimes." From the alcalde downward there wasn't man in the band but understood that the cool but desperate sport was making game of them.

ambuscade?

It looked like it, for, to the fevered imagina-

upon their rugged features.

They were all bold and careless men, reckless of their own lives and of the lives of others, yet,

backed by an army."
Significant words when coming from the lips of Jackson Blake.

eyes inflamed with rage—not with rage toward them, but toward the cunning foe who had so roughly handled them.

roughly handled them.

It was the first time since the founding of Tejon Camp that the alcalde and his bold fighting men had ever been compelled to skulk home like beaten curs.

The men gave ample proof of the desperate nature of the struggle through which they had passed, for one and all were bleeding from ugly wounds. The flight and the hot pursuit had been as bad as the battle, terrible as had been the surprise of the ambuscade. The alcalde was

"Caramba!" exclaimed the Mexican, who had been one of the fortunate ones, and suc exclaimed the Mexican, who

before since I was born!"

"Five—only five left!" the alcalde cried, seemingly unable to convince himself that the massacre could have been so terrible.

"Why, half of us went down at the first fire before we had a chance to return a shot!" another one of the band exclaimed.

"And then they followed us as we field as fact."

work;"
"Nor I—nor I," the alcalde repeated, slowly.
"Nor I—nor I," the alcalde repeated, slowly.

door, boys," Black suggested. "I don't care about every one in the town knowing that these fellows have flaxed us; and mind, keep a still tongue in your heads about what has transpired to-day."

walked into the room.

The alcalde started to his feet in surprise. "Aha! you have escaped!" he cried.
"No; I was released to bring you a message.

They were all bold and careless men, reckless men, reckless of their own lives and of the lives of others, yet, as the tried to move away from the place, but as unable to stir hand or foot. Some spell has the could not shake off held him fast.

Presently a faint glimmer of the moon pierced thewart the universal gloom, and in the faint, end that they had walked blindly into an ambto of the opposite edge of the chasm.

It was the face of Isabelle Evelyn.

It was the face of Isabelle Evelyn

I KNOW.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Ay, and a laugh that is ringing and sweet.

I know a letter with love's faded token
Cherished by one who is lovely and pure;
1 know a vow that will never be broken—
So long as the stars in the heavens endure.
I know a lie that was uttered to sever
Hearts that had promised fore'er to be true;
I know a scorn that-endureth forever,
Ay, and contempt which the maker shall rue!

I know a hand that doth not strike its brother;
I know a cheek that will blush 'neath a kiss;
I know the depth of the love of a mother;
I know a heart where the rank serpents hiss.
I know the sound of the well-uttered story
That draweth the soul from the path of the skies;
I know the path of terrestrial glory—
Paved with deception and bordered by lies!

Blue Waters.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE DUELLO.

Upon the afternoon of the day appointed for the duel between Merle and Colonel Vistal Guarena, a small boat, with two oarsmen and a third person in the stern-sheets, was rowing slowly along the beach below that frowning and most formidable-looking structure, known as the Castle San Juan de Uloa, and which supposed to be impregnable fort, gained for Vera Cruz the rather high-sounding title of the Iron Gate of Mexico. It certainly proved a gateway for our forces in the war between the United States and the land of the Montezumas.

Having reached a point half a mile below the castle the boat rowed shoreward, and the one in the stern-sheets sprung out upon the beach.

"Wait for me until the sun has been down half an hour; then, if I do not come, return without me."

"Si, Señor Caballero," said one of the boatmen, and touching his sombrero at the fee given him, he added:

"The caballero is most generous; gracias."

The person addressed turned and walked away, bearing a bundle under his arm.

A walk of a few hundred paces brought him to a small thicket in which stood an adobe hut, going to ruin, and now deserted.

Throwing down his bundle he leant against a tree, and with folded arms gazed toward the east, where the sun was near its setting, and piling up mountains of gold and silver in the skies.

Presently the clatter of hoofs reached his ears, and two men dashed up to the hacienda, both well mounted.

Merle, for it was that personage, saluted them with a cold bow, while he said, quietly:

"Mas vale turde que nunca, señors." (Better late than never, my lords—or sirs.)

"We were detained, señor," shortly said the Monté Prince, as the two dismounted.

"And the Señor Juarez?" asked Merle, turning to Colonel Guarena.

"Is otherwise engaged—Don Felipe will act for me,"

"Then we may as well at once settle the matter between us."

ween us. Unless you offer me an apology, señor, for your

"And I have no time to dance attendance on you, colonel Guarena. I am here at great personal inconvenience to give you a chance to run me through, is a satisfaction for an insult I hurled in your teeth, and if you care not to meet me I will return."

"Do you fear to remain, señor?"

"I am alone, señor, and you are two. I fear no man, yet I am in a land where treachery is considered an art, and it behooves me to be upon my ruard.

"Will you meet me, or shall I bid you adios?"

Colonel Guarena stepped forward and spoke to the

Monté Prince:

"What shall I do?" he asked, in a low tone.

"I am confident, senor, because I feet my power to prove my words."
"It may be so, Colonel Guarena, but—"
"But what, senor?" as Merle paused.
"But—I doubt it."
"Yet I repeat it, Senor Merlino, I can be taught nothing with the sword," said Colonel Guarena, in that pompous tone of boastfulness often used by Mexicans, and he placed himself in position.
Merle smiled, and said pointedly, as he took his stand:

Mexicans, and he piaced himself in position.

Merle smiled, and said pointedly, as he took his stand;

"It sabio muda concio, it nescionos." (A wise man sometimes changes his opinion, a fool never).

The reply infuriated Vistal Guarena and he began the attack with a savage oath upon his lips, and an angry light in his eyes.

From the very first he beat Merle back with his fierce thrusts, but the calm smile never left the face of the man who was then already doomed.

With an admiring glance the Monté Prince followed the every move of the combatants, saying several times to Merle:

"You are a superb swordsman, señor, to hold your own for an instant against Colonel Guarena."

Merle made no reply: but suddenly changed from the defensive to the offensive to the intense surprise of both his antagonist and Don Felipe.

Now he seemed to enter with spirit into the combat, while before he had evidently been playing with the Mexican.

"Sainted Virgin! hov, he will kill you!" cried the

knew his life was at stake—he had been taught something in swordsmanship.

"Aid me, or he will kill me!" suddenly cried Colonel Guarena, losing all nerve, and as he spoke there was heard the sound of hoof-strokes.

The Monté Prince turned quickly in the direction of the sound, but a cry from Colonel Guarena caused him to spring to his side. Merle had run him through the body.

"Sainted Maria! he has killed me!" groaned the wounded man, as the Monté Prince lowered him to the ground.

Wiping the stain from his rapier. Merle faced the

the ground.
Wiping the stain from his rapier, Merle faced the Monté Prince:

wiping the stain from his rapher, Merie faced the Monté Prince:

"Señor, I am at your service now."

As he spoke, a score of Lanceros dashed up to the spot, drawing rein in a circle round the dismounted party.

"Seize that murderer, Señor Juarez!" yelled the Monté Prince, in tones of thunder.

A score of lances pointed at the breast of Merleresistance was vain, and without a word he surrendered himself a prisoner.

Had he known what was to follow, he would have died then and there, with his good rapier in hand, rather than lay down his arms and expect mercy from his captors.

CHAPTER XLV. BLOOD-MONEY.

CHAPTER XLV.

BLOOD-MONEY.

It was with no little surprise depicted upon his face that Major Real Juarez—for the young man had been promoted to the rank formerly held by Vistal Guarena—gazed upon the scene before him in the gathering twilight.

"Your tardiness, Major Juarez, has caused this. Now, make all amends in your power," sternly commanded the Monté Prince.

"My delay was unavoidable, Don Felipe; the Señora Guarena demanded my presence as I was about to leave the castle; important dispatches had arrived from the Capital—is the Governor* severely wounded?" and he bent over Vistal Guarena, who was breathing heavily.

"Desperately so, I fear. I have stanched the bleeding as well as is in my power, and I wish you to have him borne with all haste to the castle. I will look after this prisoner," and the Monté Prince turned toward Merle.

"Señor, for the present you are a prisoner, and must submit to being ironed."

Merle made no reply, and his wrists were at once encircled by the chains.

"Now, señor, we will mount and ride on; please take this horse," and the steed of Colonel Guarena was led up. Merle quickly mounted, with the aid of the Monté Prince, who then sprung into his saddle, and followed by a dozen Lanceros, they rode away.

Behind them followed Major Juarez with the wounded Governer, borne upon the lances of the soldiers.

When Merle found himself in the saddle, his first

soldiers. When Merle found himself in the saddle, his first impulse was to dash away, and ride, ironed as he was, into Vera Cruz.

But a second thought convinced him that as a stranger he would have no influence there to counteract the power of the Castle's Governor and that of the Monté Prince, who he now knew was all powerful.

powerful.

If he appealed to the United States Consul at Vera Cruz it would have to be in his proper person of Merle Grenville, and under that name he was already outlawed by his Government, and a price set upon his head.

No; he must accept the alternative and trust to luck for escape

No; he must accept the alternative and reasonable luck for escape.

By his side rode the Monté Prince, a smile upon his face, and behind came the Lanceros, their lances in

rest.

In a short while they drew rein upon the beach where a small boat awaited; it was the intention of the wary gambler to enter the castle by the sea

of the wary gamble. To extra entrance.

Entering the boat, in which sat two oarsmen in the castle uniform, the Monté Prince and his prisoner were rowed rapidly away, the *Lanceros* returning to join their comrades who carried the wounded Governor. A short row and the boat touched at the castle stairs; the party disembarked, and were met by a file of soldiers who marched them through a gateway near the bastions.

way near the bastions.

"Captain of the guard, lead this prisoner to one of the deep sea cells, and, upon your life, see to it that he escapes not," said the Monté Prince, whose word was law even in that grim old castle.

The young officer addressed saluted politely, and replied:

"Upon my life be it, senor. In the water dun.

replied:
"Upon my life be it, señor. In the water dungeons, you say?"
"Yes, to one of those beneath the sea?"
"And iron him, señor?"
"Assuredly," and the Monté Prince walked away, while Merle was led off to the lowest of the castle

ning into a broad corridor the Monté Prince as-

Turning into a broad corridor the Monté Prince ascended a stone stairway until he came to a second hallway leading to the left, and this he followed, through innumerable turnings with which he seemed perfectly familiar, until he found himself still surrounded by stone walls, but where the gloom was banished by draperies of velvet and silken curtains which but half concealed broad windows.

At a massive mahogany doorway, studded with silver nails, he pulled a bell-cord, and a servant in livery bade him enter.

"The Señora Guarena?"

"Is in her boudoir, señor," replied the servant.

"I will seek her there; now go with all haste and bid the surgeons of the castie to come hither; then bid the officers to allow no noises about the castle."

Si, senor," and the servant, who was a pure Mexican, not of Spanish descent, but one of the race of the Indian Montezumas, darted away upon his errand, while the Monté Prince crossed the gorgeously-furnished apartment, and knocked at an inner door that was ajar.

No voice bade him enter, and he stepped within the room, a chamber used as half library, half sitting-room, and filled with a lavish display of creature conforts and luxuries.

Lady Guarena, it is your very humble servant, The next instant there swept into the room a vision

of rare loveliness—a woman of eighteen, voluptuous in form, beautiful in face, and a dark olive face tint-ed with carnation, and blue-black masses of hair colled about her head.

"Don Merlino, a Ranchero from Corpus Christi, proved to the contrary, lady; but you must be calm, for it will need all your strength to nurse him back

"He is dangerously wounded, then, señor? Why did you not tell me this at once?" and the face grew

paler.

"He is dangerously wounded, señora; but he will soon be brought here. Hold! I have made every arrangement for his reception, and the surgeons are summoned, and I would suggest that you change your toilette to receive him."

paler.

As he advanced to the center of the chamber, the Señor José Rozales sprung again to his feet.

"Aha! you have come as the messenger from Vera Cruz," and there was a sneer in his tone.

I have, Señor Rozales, and like the raven, my presence here foretells ill-tidings "calmly said. Down

your toilette to receive him."

"Jesu! what care 1 for dress where life is at stake, and his life, señor?"

"He is here," said the Monté Prince, as voices were heard, and he placed his hand upon the arm of the woman to restrain her impulse to rush forward and throw herself down beside her wounded hushand.

"Tesu! Tesu and Provide And Indiana Service of the foretells ill-tidings," calmly said Don Felipe.

"Death generally follows your footsteps, señor: when the Castle San Juan de Uloa is without a Governor?"

"It is true, Señor Rozales; a second hemorrhage from the wound caused the death of the Governor Guarena."

"Be calm, or your excitement might prove fatal to him," he said, calmly, and she obeyed.

*The commandant of the Castle San Juan de Uloa is more properly called the Governor, no matter what may be his military rank.—The Author.

The Lanceros marched into the room, still bearing their burden, and he was placed upon a cot, while the surgeons gathered around him.

The young bride gazed down into the white face, and her own was nearly as white; but she uttered no cry, as she sunk down upon her knees beside the cot and lightly kissed the forehead.

"Senor!" and she looked imploringly up into the face of the chief surgeon.

"I will soon tell you, lady Guarena if there is hope," responded the surgeon, understanding her glance, and he set to work with his assistants to discover whether the Castle de Uloa would soon be without a Governor.

cover whether the Castle de Uloa would soon be without a Governor.

"It is a most ugly wound, piercing through and through his body, and he has lost much blood. He may live—he may die; the chances are he will—live."

"Holy Mary, I thank thee," breathed the young wife, and she glided from the room.

Still the Monté Prince remained, and one by one the attendants dropped away, until only the second surgeon, who had been appointed to watch beside the wounded Governor, and Don Felipe remained.

"Señor Mejia, you were to have paid me two thousand pesos, last night," said the Monté Prince quietly, turning upon the assistant-surgeon of the castle.

castle.

"\$\textit{St. se\"ior;}\text{ but it was impossible.} Oh, se\"ior, I am ruined, for I have not a peso in the world, and my pay is hypothecated to Moncardo, the Jew. Se\"ior Don Felipe, I am ruined," and the Mexican groaned in bitter anguish.

"You should not gamble, Se\"ior Mejia. You play badly, and have no nerve; what will you do?"

"Die!"

dying, senor."
"I dare not, Don Felipe."
"Let me see, Mejia, you owe me two thousand sos; how much more?"
"All I have is pledged, señor, and I am in debt a ousand pesos besides," groaned the debt-crushed

thousand pesos besides," groaned the debt-crushed man.

"In all, how much, I ask?"

"Four thousand pesos would clear me, señor."

"That amount would save your life, you mean?"

"Si, Señor Don Felipe."

"Well, here is your due-bill to me, and here are three thousand pesos. You need owe nothing now, Señor Mejia, and yet have a good sum over."

The Mexican stood aghast. What did this kindness mean on the part of the Monté Prince?

Approaching nearer and lowering his tone, Don Felipe resumed:

"Señor Mejia, his Excellenza, Governor Guarena, will live, I believe?"

"St, señor, with care the chances are in his favor, bad as seems the wound."

"No fear of internal hemorrhages?"

"Yes, señor, there is danger, but—"

"Suppose one were to occur, it would prove fatal, doubtless?"

"Yes, señor, I fear so."

ubless?"
"Yes, señor, I fear so."
"And if a second one were to occur it would cerinly prove fatal?"
"Without any doubt, Don Felipe."
"Señor Mejia," and the Monté Prince bent over e wounded man.
"Si señor"

"St. seincr."
"You will have to stop this bleeding. See, the overnor bleeds freely."
As he spoke the Monté Prince passed his hand uickly over the wound, and the red stream of life

As he spoke the Monte Prince passed his hand quickly over the wound, and the red stream of life burst forth.

Aghast, the Mexican surgeon started back, a cry upon his lips; but the calm voice of the Monte Prince recalled him to himself.

"Be quick, Señor Mejia, or the Governor may bleed to death. Perhaps this may stanch the blood."

A roll of notes were in the outstretched hand, and Benito Mejia saw at a glance they doubled the amount just given him, and a gleam of devilish joy flashed over his face as he thrust them into his bosom, while he called out:

"Ring for my chief, señor!"

The Monte Prince ordered a servant in the antercom to call the chief surgeon, and then came back again to the side of the wounded man.

"This hemorrhage can be stopped, Señor Mejia?"

"Yes, Don Felipe."

"Yes, Don Felipe."

"Yes, Don Felipe."

"Yes, Don Felipe."

"Yes, Don Felipe."
"You will be constantly in attendance, Señor

Si, señor."
Then I leave the case in your hands; you will see "Yes, Don Felipe," replied Benito Mejia, in a hoarse voice, while he turned deadly pale; but he held his blood-money and could not recede from the step he had taken.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE MEXICAN JUNTA.

THE MEXICAN JUNTA.

In the grand old city of Mexico, where the Montezumas once ruled in barbaric magnificence, and where the "Children of the Sun" fell before their Spanish conquerors, a body of men sat in conclave within the walls of the Mexican capital.

It was the second day following the duel between Merle and the Governor of the Castle San Juan de Uloa, and those gathered in council were the Mexican Junta, the men who held in their grasp much of the governmental power of that unfortunate war-ridden land.

News had been brought to them of the duel, and that the castle was in danger of being without a

den land.

News had been brought to them of the duel, and that the castle was in danger of being without a Governor, and they were discussing the merits and influence of a number of distinguished personages, soldiers and statesmen, for the successor of Vistal Guarena, should he die.

Guarena, should he die.

The discussion was not a calm one, either, for the armed sentinels at the outer doors occasionally heard some voice raised in angry denunciation, and echoing through the gilded rooms with threatening

No voice bade him enter, and he stepped within the room, a chamber used as half library, half sitting room, and filled with a lavish display of creature comforts and luxuries.

The room was vacant, but a sweet voice called out from an adjoining cabinet-de-toilette:

"Vistal, is that you?"

"Lady Gnarpas, it is

had been open and above on the injury done great men, by the appointment of Vistal Guarena to be Governor of that famous old pile, the San Juan de Uloa.

"The Guarenas are Mexicans, and true ones; they have wealth, and their name is well known affixed to military titles, while they are the warm supporters of the Government in power," he thundered forth, in ringing tones.

of rare loveliness—a woman of eighteen, vollaphone in form, beautiful in face, and a dark olive face integed with carnation, and blue-black masses of hair colled about her head.

She was exquisitely dressed in canary silk, entrain, and with a tight-fitting basyuina that fitted her to perfection.

In her hair was a comb of sapphires, and a necklace of like stones encircled her fair throat, while wide bands of rich yellow gold were upon her wrists. Two rings only were upon her hands—a band of the contraint of the contraint, and with a support of the same hand was the edition of the same hand was the edition of the contraint of th

Rozales.

A moment after, and through the massive portals of the assembly room, came the tall form and dark, fascinating face of the Monté Prince.

Every man in that Junda knew Don Felipe Cosala, and the faces of two-thirds of them grew a shade nate.

ence here foretells ill-tidings," calmly said Don

"And his young bride?" kindly said Rozales.
"Is inconsolable, senores."
"In her eyes he was everything; in the eyes of * At the period referred to above Santa Anna was

nlaid furniture, it could not have created a wilder excitement.

Every Mexican was upon his feet—every eye turned upon the Monte Prince, who stood perfectly calm in their midst.

"You! You! Who are you, that you dare dictate to the Junta of Mexico?"

Señor José Rozales hurled the words from his mouth as though they were intended to annihilate the rambler; but they did not change the smile on the lark, calm face, or cause a muscle to quiver.

He merely answered in the most even and matter-of-fact tones:

"I am Don Felipe Cosala, señores, a secret agent of the Government of Mexico, and the one who mamed Colonel Vistal Guarena for the Governorship of the castle, San Juan de Uloa."

"You are a nameless adventurer!" yelled Señor Rozales.

Rozales.

The Monté Prince bowed, his hand upon his breast; but there came through his white teeth the quick reply:

"The more dishonor upon this honorable Junta when I have the will and the power to enforce my

emand."
For a few moments there was the wildest excite-nent, and angry voices in denunciation, and voices in entreaty, were heard, while the Monté Prince tood in silence, calmly surveying the wild scene his

ood in shelled, earling surveying the wild scene his ords had caused.

At length the Junia divided off in little groups of yo and three each; but two men stood alone, Señor osé Rozales and the Monté Prince.

Jose Rozales and the Monté Prince.

"Señores!"
All started at the ringing voice.

"You heard this man's demand? Return to your seats and let us see what power he holds over us."
The members silently obeyed.

"Now, Señor Spy, name your friend for the exalted office of Governor of the Castle," and the Señor Rozales bent his searching eyes upon the Monté Prince.

Perfectly unmoved, and in a voice that never wavered, came the answer:

"I seek the office, señores, for myself."
Once more did the words of the Monté Prince create a mad scene of excitement, and several hands went into their bosoms as though to draw forth a blade and strike the offender dead.

But, gradually, there came a calm over all, and once more the Señor Rozales spoke, but his voice had lost its trumpet ring; it was low and husky with suppressed passion:
"Señores Don Feline Cosala has demanded that

iad lost its trumpet ring; it was fow and husky with uppressed passion:

"Señores, Don Felipe Cosala has demanded that he receive the appointment of Governor and Colonel Commandant of the Castle San Juan de Uloa. Such an honor can only be bestowed upon him by a two-hird voice of our august Junta.

"Let us take that vote and decide whether he go at once to the lowest dungeon in that castle, for his arrogance and insulting demand, or goes there as the Governor of that noble old fortress!

"If the former, his punishment will be just; if the latter—then God help Mexico, when her rulers are fallen so low."

In silence the vote was cast—each man voting with blanched face and trembling hand.

Then they were taken from the golden casket by Señor Rozales, and two others, passing through the hands of each.

When the last vote was counted the noble grator.

When the last vote was counted the noble orator. Rozales, uttered a cry of anguish, and bowing his head, walked with tottering step from the gilded by the country of the c

The Monté Prince had won. CHAPTER XLVII.

BURIED ALIVE.

WHEN Merle was led away by the Captain of the Guard, and securely guarded between two files of soldiers, he felt a chill come over his heart, for he knew that a prisoner entering that gloomy pile, must leave hope behind.

Along the whole length of a corridor his guards led him, until they halted at a massive gateway, through which they were admitted by a stern-looking keeper, armed to the teeth.

Turning into a passage-way, faintly lighted by iron lamps set in niches in the wall, they gradually descended until they came to a central hall, or nave, from which various tunnels, for they were nothing more, led off in different directions.

The mouths, or entrances, to these stone passages, radiating from this point, were all open, excepting one; before this was a heavy iron door, which the guide unlocked and drew back.

Into this the party passed, and then began to descend a stone stairway, of half a hundred steps, at the bottom of which was a long, narrow avenue, dimly lighted by a lamp that burned with sickly luster, as if despairing to pierce that gloomy recess with artificial light.

Here an old man, almost a giant in size, came forward to meet them, a half-dozen heavy iron keys at his leathern girdle.

"A prisoner, good Lamas, for your accursed tier of cells; he goes in the water dungeon," said the

ward to meet them, a half-dozen heavy fron keys at his leathern girdle.

"A prisoner, good Lamas, for your accursed tier of cells; he goes in the water dungeon," said the officer of the guard.

The man turned a look upon Merle, examining him critically from head to foot; but there was no pity in his look—it was as stony as the walls with which they were surrounded.

"So be it, Señor Capitan; he goes in Dungeon Number One," quickly said the jailer.

"It is a good thing to be number one, Lamas, and I advise you to look out for number one, for if he escapes your life will be the forfeit," said the captain of the guard, perpetrating a coarse joke.

"Useless advice, Señor Capitan, for no one ever escapes from here unless Death opens the doors," grimly said the jailer.

"Here is Number One, señor; enter!" and he opened the narrow iron door, and motioned to Merle to step within.

Quickly he obeyed, glancing around him to see what the jailer's lamp would reveal.

"I am no wild beast to be ironed in a dungeon like this," said Merle, for the first time showing any emotion.

"You must be more dangerous than a wild beast,

"I am no wild beast to be ironed in a dungeon like this," said Merle, for the first time showing any emotion.

"You must be more dangerous than a wild beast, senor, to be put here," answered the jailer.

"I will die here," and Merle shuddered at the damp walls, the close smell of the dungeon, and the dash of the waters heard against the outer walls.

"Poco à poco, señor," (little by little, sir) was the answer of the jailer.

And it was no wonder that the unfortunate prisoner shuddered at the cell that was to inclose him within its stony arms—a room of ten feet square, hight and width, and lighted by a crevice, rather than a window, in the ceiling, and through which the brightness of day alone could penetrate, for it was cut through many feet of solid masonry. Upon one side of the wall was a wooden bench, upon which lay a pallet of moss; a stool for a seat, a stone pitcher, a bucket and a table constituted the furniture of the room; no, not all the furniture, as, fastened to the wall by huge staples, were two long chains, ornamented at the end by anklets of steel, and in both of these rings were human bones, showing that the prisoner, whoever he had been, had died in chains, for the remainder of the skeleton was stretched upon the floor.

"You have a skeleton in your closet, señor," said the captain of the guard, with a light laugh.

"Locos y niños digon la verdad," (Children and fools speak the truth,) was the quick retort of Merle.

"Oo be ironed, Señor Capikan?" asked the jailer.

"Of course, both ankles," angrily said the Mexican officer, not liking the suppressed laugh of some of his men at Merle's reply to him.

The dry bones were shaken out of the anklets, a key on the jailer's girdle was found to open them, and Merle was chained to the wall.

"Now, señor, I will bid you adios," and the captain of the guard turned away, and was followed by the jailer.

A moment after their footsteps died away, and Merle was left alone with his thoughts—left in that dismal dungeon, for aught he knew, to die there.

Rattli

come.

No sound now greeted his ears, for there was no wind blowing, and a calm rested upon the waters, and the waves never broke heavily against the outer walls of his cell, except when there was a fresh breeze.

Still standing, the prisoner glauced around him by the dim light, but he could see little to cheer him; the darkness was too great there to see anything, excepting where the light from the window fell, and,

Mexico he was nothing—so let him pass away. Your business here is ended, señor Cosala?"

"No, Señor Rozales."

"Ah, yes; the one who killed the Governor—what of him?"

"Is in a cell in the castle, Señor Rozales."

"Ha! the challenge passed was an open and fair one; why imprison him?" angrily said the Señor Rozales.

"The insult was open, the challenge and accept ance fair; but Don Merlino ran his sword through the body of his Excellenza, without warning; the Governor Guarena was unarmed."

"Ah! say you so? Then he must die."

"Ah! say you so? Then he must die."

"Gracuas! Now tell me, how long must I remain here?"

nere?''
The jailer made no reply; he silently pointed to the

The jailer made no reply; he silently pointed to the grinning skull.

"You mean that I must die here?"
The jailer crossed the cell to the wide bench that served as a bed; this he turned over, and his lantern glared upon a hideous sight—a sight that made even Merle, strong as was his nerve, start, for fully a dozen skeletons lay there in a mass.

"I swept these up when I brought him here. I'll put him with them, if you say so," and the jailer put his foot upon the skull in the center of the room.

"This is a perfect Golgotha. Do you wish me to understand that all these men died here?"

"Yes, señor."

And what crimes did they commit?"

Quien sabe?" (who knows?)

How long since this poor wretch died?"

Five years, señor."

How long have you been jailer here?"

Thirty years, señor."

And these men have died during your guardian

"And these men have died during your guardian ship?"

"Yes, señor; those twelve and this one."

"Men do not live very long here in your Mexican climate, jailer," said Merle, grimly.

"Presto maduso, presto podrido, señor," (soon ripe soon rotten), was the too suggestive reply of the man.

"And you expect to die here as jailer?"

"No, señor, I am laying up treasures upon earth to be happy as soon as I have a comfortable sum," replied the man.

"Ha! you love gold, then?"

"Si, señor, it is my life."

"Suppose I were to tell you that I am not ambitious for my bones to mingle with those already here, what would you sey, old man!"

"Remuda de pasturage haze bizer ros gordos, señor," (change of pasture makes fat calves), answered the old man, evasively.

"Here, is not this a pleasanter sound than the clinking of my chains?" and Merle rattled several pieces of gold together.

"It is sweet music, señor."

"I am gled you envrecieta it for Lennyot e hear."

"It is sweet music, señor."
"I am glad you appreciate it, for I am not a beggar though in a dungeon, and I would have you aid me," said Merie, eagerly.
The jailer made no reply, but flashed his light into the prisoner's face, as if to see there what he might expect from him as a golden souvenir, should he aid bits.

Will gold tempt you, jailer?" asked Merle. "No ay cerradura si es de oro la ganzua, señor," there is no lock but a golden key will open it), was the answer of the old man, whose habit it seemed to e to reply in quaint sentences or applicable Spansh proverbs.

ish proverbs.

"Ha! say you so? Then here is gold," and Merle took from a belt he wore a number of golden onzas.

"Here, grease your locks with these, and when I am free you shall have more; but hasten, for already I feel benumbed in this black, damp hole, and I will die if I stay here long."

The man dropped the gold in his pocket, and at the remark of Merle, gave a shrug of his shoulder, while he replied:

remark of Merle, gave a shrug of his shoulder, while he replied:

"El corazon manda las carnes, señor," (the heart bears up the body).

"True, and if other men have lived here for months, I suppose I can, for I have not a craven heart; but still, amigo, I wish you to aid me from here as soon as you can, for I have much to attend to that needs my immediate presence."

"It is far from here to sunlight, señor; but I will do all that I can," and the jailer turned away, and Merle was again alone—alone until the old man came the following morning with more food—the same as before.

efore.
But he found that which he had brought twentyour hours before untasted.
"You must eat, señor."
"Not until I hunger; speak, old man, what hope?"
"Señor, there are many locks to open—a handful
of gold will not go above the second tier of jailers."
"Here is more—take the belt."
"You have more, señor?"

"Sellos, "Fellos, "Fellos, "Fellos, "Here is more—take the belt."
"You have more, eenor?"
"Yes, twenty onzas, here," and Merle drew forth a buck-skin purse.
"This may be sufficient—I will see first," and the old man again left the cell, and twenty-four long and dreary hours dragged their tiresome length away.

and dreary hours dragged their tiresome length away.

Then the jailer again appeared, bringing more olla podrida, bread and water.

"The señor has eaten of his dish, I see?"

"Yes, I care not to starve. Well?"

"It was not enough, señor."

"Here, I have not another peso," and Merle gave away his last piece of money.

"To-morrow, señor."

So saying, the man again departed, and the poor prisoner held hope for the morrow; but alas, it brought the jailer but not freedom.

"You have no more gold, señor?"

"None: I have given you all I had with me."

"Gracias, señor; it will not be long before I can cease to be a jailer. Adios."

"And am I forgotten?" said Merle, the words of the man sending an icy chill to his heart,

"The world has forgotten you, señor, or will forget you; but I will bring you your daily bread."

"And this is all that I may expect from you?"

"And this is all that I may expect from you?"

"The bread, the olla podrida and the water—all, señor."

"Diablo!"

It was all that Merle could say; but the old wretch stepped back from the reach of his arm, as he caught his flashing eyes.
"The Governor Guarena is dead, señor; your hand killed him, and you will find this your tomb. Adios." So saying, he turned away, and Merle was again alone. alone.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 457.)

The Coming Base-ball Season.

The Coming Base-ball Season.

All the players engaged by the League and National Associations will soon assemble at the cities they are engaged to play in and practice in the gymnasium, so as to be in trim for the opening of the season about the latter part of April. The League clubs are all completed, and their new book of rules for 1879 has been published. It is now settled that the League Association will be represented by eight clubs in the contest for the 'championship of the United States, now held by the Boston Red-Stocking Club. The following is a complete list of the names and positions of the players engaged by the eight League clubs:

Boston—Snyder, catcher; Bond, pitcher; Morrill, first base; Burdock, second base; Sutton, third base; Houck, short stop; Jones, left field; J. O'Rourke, center field; Hawes, right field; Foley, substitute.

Buffalo—Clapp, catcher; Galvin, pitcher; Hornung, first base; Fulmer, second base; Richardson, third base; Force, short stop; Crowley, left field; Eggler, center field; McGonigle, right field; Libby, substitute.

CINCINNATI—J. White, catcher; W. White, pitcher; McVey, first base; Barnes, second base; Gerhardt, third base; Burke, short stop; Dickerson, left field; Hotaling, center field; Kelly, right field; W. B. Foley, substitute.

CHICAGO—Flint, catcher; Larkin, pitcher; Anson, first base; Quest, second base; Hankinson, third base; Peters, short stop; Dalrymple, left field; Gore, center field; Shaffer, right field; Harbridge and Williamson, substitutes.

CLEVELAND—Kennedy, catcher; Mitchell, pitcher; Phillips, first base; Strief, second base; Glasscock, third base; Carey, short stop; Riley, left field; Warner, center field; Eden, right field; McCornick, substitute.

PROVIDENCE—Brown, catcher; Ward, pitcher; Start, first base; McGeary, second base; Hague, third lesse, Wright short stop. Vark left field; third lesse, Wright short stop. Vark left field; third lesse, Wright short stop. Vark left field;

base; Allen, third base; Richmond, short stop; M. R. Mansell, left field; Furcell, center field: Dorgan, right field; Macullar and Holbert, substitutes.

TROY — Reilly, catcher; Bradley, pitcher; Clapp, first base; Hawkes, second base; Doescher, third base; Caskins, short stop; T. Mansell, left field; Hall, center field; Evans, right field; Shoupe and McManus, substitutes.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, non-

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field; McCormick, substitute.

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CONJUGAL CONJUGATIONS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Dear maid, let me speak
What I never have spoke,
You have made my heart quake
Which never yet quoke,
And for sight of you both my eyes ache as they
ne'er before oak.

With your voice my ears ring,
And a sweeter ne er rung,
Like a bird's on the wing
When at morn it has wung,
And gladness to me doth it bring such as never voice

My feelings I'd write,
But they cannot be wrote.
Ah, who can indite
What was never indote!
And my love I hasten to plight—the first that I've

Yes, thee I would choose, Whom I long ago chose, And my fond spirit sues As it never yet sose, And ever on thee do I muse as never man mose.

The home where you bide
Is a blessed abode;
Sure, my hopes I can't hide,
For they will not be hode,
And no person living has sighed as, darling, I've sode.

Your glances they shine
As no others have shone;
And all else I'd resign
That a man could resone,
And surely no other could pine as I lately have pone.

And don't you forget
You would ne'er be forgot,
You never should fret As at times you have frot;

I would chase all the cares that beset if they ever

For thee I would weave
Songs that seldom are wove,
And deeds I'd achieve
Which no man achove.
And for me you never should grieve as for you I
have grove.

For thee seas I'd swim
Which no man ever swam,
Your eyes I'd not dim
And your joys I'd * * * *
And your face on my heart I would limn as it never
was lam.

I'm as worthy a catch As ever was caught; Oh, your answer I watch As a man never waught, And we'd make the most elegant match that ever was maught.

Let my longings not sink
I would die if they sunk;
Oh, I ask you to think
As you never have thunk,
And our fortunes and lives let us link as no lives
could be lunk.

Snow-Shoe Tom:

The Wild White Woods of Maine.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH. III.

CARIBOU NICK—THE HIBERNACLE AND THE BEAR-FIGHT.

WHEN the quartette, gameless, and, with the exception of Snow-Shoe Tom, disheartened, returned to the cabin between the two lakes, Chesuncook and Bamedumkok, they found it in-habited by a lank specimen of humanity who,

habited by a lank specimen of humanity who, seated upon the three-legged stool, was complacently enjoying a pipe before the fire.

Wolf, the moose dog, gave a joyous whine before the door was opened, and lost no time in throwing himself upon the tenant of the hut. Snow-Shoe Tom at once greeted the man as Caribou Nick, and the three runaways instantly recognized him as the gaunt Indian-fied fellow whom they had met at Mattawamkeag and from whom they had purchased the yellow dog.

Caribou Nick left the stool and exhibited his great stature to the boys. They had seen him at Mattawamkeag; but he had never looked so tall as he did then. His cap of sable-skin almost touched the ceiling of the snow-shoe-maker's cabin home, and he cut a grotesque figure in the firelight, clad in half-civilized garments trimmed fantastically after the Norridgewock fashion I'll give ye a chance to redeem yerselves,

"I'll give ye a chance to redeem yerselves," he said, addressing the trio, but at the same time casting a sly glance at Tom. "I guess we kin find a b'ar for yeramusement."

The prospect of a tussle with the shaggy king of the white woods of Maine delighted the amateur Nimrods who were burning to avenge the defeat in the wooded valley. They clamored to be led upon Bruin; and declared that they would wipe out the stigma that rested upon them by the encounter with the moose.

When they could be silenced, Caribou Nick told how he had accidentally discovered a hibernacle, sacred to the shaggy monster, during

bernacle, sacred to the shaggy monster, during his journey to the cabin, and preparations were at once made for departure.

After a short rest in the cabin, the party set out, guided by the half-breed, at whose heels the moose-dogs trotted with a familiarity which did

not please their late purchasers.

Caribou Nick carried an ax on his shoulder, and his long strides bore him rapidly over the

whitened ground.

The journey to the hibernacle was not completed until the long streaks of dawn began to illumine the east. When the half-breed paused and announced the end of the journey, the three boys looked about them surprised. They had expected to be led to a cave, down into which a descent would have to be made, and the bear fought, much after the manner in which Putnam had attacked the wolf.

But they found themselves in the midst of a whitened ground.

But they found themselves in the midst of a forest of gigantic trees which had seemingly upheld the snows of centuries. Above them the white flakes lay on the stately limbs, and the ground was covered to the depth of a foot, or

more.
"There's no cave here!" ventured Oscar, looking disappointedly at Caribou Nick.
"Cave?" echoed the half-breed. "Who said thar was to be one? It's true that thar's no cave

With an exclamation of surprise, which drew a laugh from Snow-Shoe Tom, the boy started back and looked wildly about him.

Dick and Tim were none the less startled.

a laugh from Snow-Shoe Tom, the boy started back and looked wildly about him.

Dick and Tim were none the less startled.

They could see no traces of the animal to seek whom they had left the cabin; the only footprints visible in the snow were their own and the dogs'. Beyond them the beautiful white surface was unmarred by a single track. And yet Caribou Nick had affirmed that they were within twenty feet of the bear.

"We can't be near the baste!" declared Tim, addressing Snow-Shoe Tom. "The man must be mistaken when he says that—"

"Not at all. Caribou Nick was never mistaken in all his life!" interrupted the shoe-

that the half-breed believed the bear to be within. But the three hunters could see no hole at the roots of the tree, and they were again inclined to doubt Nick's sagacity.

"Boys, go up and listen," Caribou Nick said, as he stepped back from the tree and pointed to it.

Our, young friends hastened fearlessly to the monarch of the woods and applied their ears to the bark as they had seen the half-breed do. They were not long in hearing the sound of heavy breathing which appeared to come from the heart of the tree, and stepped back satisfied.

"Hole up thar!" exclaimed Caribou Nick, pointing up among the branches of the tree. "B'ar go up an' crawl down to his nest. Thar he lay all winter, livin' on his own fat, jest like the other b'ars, if man let him alone."

"You ca disguise?"

"You ca disguis

found.

The torch was now lighted, and the half-breed ascended the tree, bearing the torch in his hands. This was not difficult, as the tree's position was far from upright and stately, and in a few minutes' time the flambeau of birch bark, well afire, was dropped into the cavernous opening which the climber found at the main

Then he hastily descended and all backing from the tree, awaited results.

Caribou Nick hardly had reached the ground Caribou Nick hardly had reached the ground before a terrible commotion began in the tree. The fire had roused the lord of the forest, and he was uttering hideous growls while he fought the flambeau fiercely. It seemed to the three novices that he would overthrow the old tree in his struggles which were enough to shake the snow from the half-lifeless branches. It came down, white and beautiful, like a blanket.

"He's goin' up now! back! back!" suddenly cried Caribou Nick, and the scrambling and scratching told the boys that the enraged beast was ascending to the aperture from which dense volumes of smoke were issuing.

Instantly rifles were made ready, and eyes were fixed intently upon the fork.

"Yonder he is!" suddenly cried several voices, as the ugliest head imaginable appeared in sight, and a gust of wind at that moment blew the smoke away.

There was a wild, fierce gleam in the savage

the smoke away.

There was a wild, fierce gleam in the savage eyes that looked down upon the group before the tree. The bear was mad. "I'll make up for my moose shot now!" ejaculated Dick Dunkirk, lifting his rifle. "I claim

hated Dick Dunkirk, inting his rine. "I claim the first pop."
"An' ye shall have it," said Caribou Nick.
"Aim low, boy—jest under the left eye—an' ye've got 'im!"
Dick tried to obey Caribou's whispered instructions; he took a long, deliberate aim, and touched the trigger. Quickly following came a loud report, and the head, with an angry growl, disappeared.
"Hit" said the young marksman, triumphantly; but the next moment all were startled

antly; but the next moment all were startled by the half-breed's cry of "Look out."

They did "look out," as well they should, for a great, shaggy body shot suddenly from the hole, and came down the tree like a huge cannon-hall

cannon-ball Prone into the snow at the foot of the trunk Bruin fell heavily; but was on his feet in an in-

When within twenty feet of the animal, showshoe Tom halted and fired almost without taking aim. The bear stopped and rose on his hind
feet, while a crimson tide poured from his side.
For a moment he stood erect, and then fell over,
dyeing the snow with his blood.

Hurrah!" shouted Snow-Shoe Tom, and the next moment he sprung forward and alighted on the monster's side. "Victory! and bear-steaks for breakfast!" he continued to cry, wav-

ing his dainty coon-skin cap over his head.

Slowly and not a little "cut" over their hasty flight, the three boys came up and congratulated

young slayer.
Niver to run ag'in! by the howly spoons ov
ses! Thet's the motto!" ejaculated Tim in Moses

his rich Celtic brogue.
"That's what we all say, Tim!" added Dick.
"Tis, eh?" put in Caribou Nick. "You can't stick to that talk in these woods!"

Not Quite a Tramp.

BY EDWARD WILLETT,

"No tramps wanted here, young chap; so you "No tramps wanted here, young chap; so you may just jog along."

The speaker was a fine-looking and apparently an easy-going gentleman of middle age, who was standing leaning over a gate, looking out on the road. The gate opened on a gravel walk which led up to a two-story cottage house. In front of the house, and at the sides, the ground was overloaded with trees, shrubs and flowering plants, which, to say the least of it, did not show careful tendance. Altogether, it was a bright, cheerful and attractive place.

careful tendance. Altogether, it was a bright, cheerful and attractive place.

So thought, no doubt, the stranger, whose halt near the gate had provoked Mr. Horton's utterance. He was not an ill-looking young man—or boy, for he could not yet be twenty-one—but his clothes were ragged and dirty, his choose ware warm and muddy and his general

"Cave?" echoed the half-breed. "Who said thar was to be one? It's true that thar's no cave hyar, but, youngster, you're standin' within With an exclamation of surprise, which drew a laugh from Snow-Shoe Tom, the boy started

"I am sure that I am willing to earn my living, and anxious to get a chance to do so."
"What sort of work can you do?" asked Mr. Horton. "Everything in general, and nothing in particular?"
"I know that I could put that yard of yours in much better trim than it shows now."
"Humph! That don't offer any opening. The flowers are my wife's pets, and she is like the dog in the manger about them—won't touch them herself, or suffer anybody else to touch them."

I can draw your portrait, sir," suggested the

boy. You can? Are you a wandering artist in

disguise?"
"You asked me what I can do, and I know that I can do that."
"Any of the tools of that trade?"
The boy produced from the pocket of his ragged vest some crayons and the stump of a lead pencil.
"All right," said Mr. Horton. "I will try you at that job. Come in."

you at that job. Come in."

He opened the gate, and led the way to the house. On the veranda were some chairs, one

he opened the gate, and the this way to the house. On the veranda were some chairs, one of which he offered to the boy.

"Want any more tools?" he asked.

"A sheet of drawing-paper, if you have it."

Mr. Horton brought out the required article, clamped upon a drawing-board; also some crayon-holders and a sharp knife.

"I am a sort of an architect," he said, "and keep these things on hand. But hadn't you better eat some lunch before you begin this business? You have a hungry look."

"I am not so hungry, sir, but that I am will-

"I am not so hungry, sir, but that I am willing to earn a meal before I eat it. Will you have the kindness to sit down?"

"Side face, or front?"

"Side face, if you please. I can do that the best."

Mr. Horton seated himself, presenting his profile to the ragged artist, who went to work without more ado. His strokes were quick, without more ado. His strokes were quite vigorous and artistic, and in a surprisingly short time a capital sketch of Mr. Horton's head and shoulders appeared on the paper. That gentleman looked at it closely, and puckered his lips so as to produce a low and long-

Horton. "Where did it come from?"
"This young—person—did it just now," answered Mr. Horton.

"Goodness gracious me! Is it possible? I wonder if he would make one of Lulu."

"Of course he would, and of Bella and the whole tribe, if you want. But he is tired and hungry, and you had better give him something to eat, before you ask any more of him."

"I will gladly do that. I am sure that this likeness of you, John, is worth a dozen dinners."

"Give him one, anyhow, and we will talk about the rest. It won't do to be too liberal at the start. Please to follow my wife, young—fellow—and I have no doubt that you will feel better when she gets through with you."

etter when she gets through with you

better when she gets through with you."

When the young stranger was washed and combed, and had been fed, his personal appearance was improved, and he had gained in ease and grace of manner. He was anxious to make a picture of baby Lulu, and was permitted to do so, producing a likeness which sent the fond mother into ecstasies.

This production having been sufficiently admired, Mr. Horton dismissed the "female rabble," as he chose to call them, and corraled his artistic tramp for a conversation, asking him who he was and all about himself.

His name was Abel Kentridge, and he was the

remain at Mr. Horton's. A room was prepared for him, and some of his employer's partly worn garments were fitted to him, and he was set to work or the abuse and work on the shrubs and flowers and grass plats. His work was quite satisfactory, and he acquitted himself generally so as to gain the confidence and respect of all in the house. Besides the work on the grounds, other odds and ends of employment were found for him about the Place, but nothing was said of his compensation.

Thus he was kept busy for a week, at the end of which time Mr. Horton gave him a written rder, and directed him to go to the village and elect for himself suitable clothing to an amount

named in the order. But I have not earned so much as this," he

suggested. "If you haven't, you will earn it," replied Mr.

Horton.

When Abel returned from the village, he carried his head somewhat higher than when he had set out, and appeared to be, what nature and education had made him, a young gentleman of attractive person and manners.

He was ushered into the room in which the family were seated, and Mr. Horton corraled him for what he called a business talk.

"Whet do you know about milling?" he

What do you know about milling?" he

asked.
"I was never regularly employed by my fa-ther," answered Abel, "but I picked up many points of the business while I was about his mill. Shortly before he died I invented, or believed I Shortly before he died I invented, or believed I had invented, an improvement on the turbine water-wheel, by which greater speed could be got with the use of less water, and father said that it was a good thing. After his death I gave my model to a patent agent, for the purpose of applying for a patent; but the agent finally told me that he had been unable to procure a patent, because the examiners had decided that there was nothing new in the invention. That discouraged me more than any of tion. That discouraged me more than any of the rest of my disappointments." "What was the agent's name?"

"Silas Northwick.

And your name is Abel Kentridge?"

"Yes, sir."

"That agent lied to you, Abel," said Mr. Horton. "He procured the patent, which is a very valuable one, and meant to swindle you out of it. He would probably have succeeded in doing so, if you had not come to my house."

"How do you know this?" eagerly asked Abel

Abel.

"I am a sort of a speculator, and occasionally dabble in such matters. Northwick offered the patent to me for sale before I met you, and I perceived that it was issued in the name of Abel Kentridge. He assured me that he could procure an assignment from the patentee, who desired to sell, and I told him that if he would do so I would negotiate with him. He is to meet me to-morrow and bring the assignment, and of course you can't have signed your name in Philadelphia while you were here at my house."

appointed. Northwick did not have the assignment, although he professed his ability to produce it as soon as the negotiation should be concluded, and Mr. Horton brought him to his house for the purpose of winding up the transaction. There he was confronted, greatly to his astonishment and dismay, with Abel Kentridge, and it was made evident to him that his swindling scheme was discovered.

The upshot of the interview was that Abel gained possession of his precious patent, and Northwick was glad to go clear of criminal proceedings. appointed. Northwick did not have the assign-

Northwick was glad to go clear of cramma proceedings.

"Now, my boy," said Mr. Horton, "if you will take me as a partner in this business, I will furnish the needed capital and push it, and I have no doubt that both of us will grind out a good grist of money with your turbine wheel."

Abel gladly acceded to this arrangement, and the results soon became so satisfactory to both partners, that Mr. Horton heartily congratulated himself upon the fact that his supposed tramp had not taken his advice to "jog along."

It should be added that his pretty sister-in-law, Bella Grattan, also found in the same fact cause for self-congratulation.

THE SORCERIES OF SCIENCE.

BY AN OLD-SCHOOL MAN.

Day by day in this wonderful age,
Is announced some wonderful invention,
Fit to puzzle the brains of a sage
And far past my poor comprehension.
You can talk by the telephone-wire,
Seas o'er with electric celerity;
To the phonograph they that aspire
May their voices transmit to posterity.

In my youth 'twas once thought a vain dream
That the streets could be lighted with gas;
To expect locomotion from steam
Was accounted the hope of an ass.

A guffaw, as yesterday, rings In mine ears from the days long ago When, at what seemed ridiculous things Our grandfathers laughed, Ho! ho! And I still have some fear in my mind

That this science will end in confusion That its marvels at last we shall find To have been but old Harry's illusion. We shall suddenly wake up some day,

In astonishment round us to stare, of find visions have vanished away And the good old times still as they were Oh, for days on which memory dwells,
When the hedgerows were sweet with musk roses
What if cesspools were sunk close to wells
And our pigsties right under our noses?
From your sewers what good have you got,
Beyond fever-germs and bacteria?
Till they made us drain, typhoid was not,
And we'd no such disease as diphtheria.

Now, if night's to be turned into day, The electric light next will give rise,
I've no doubt, with its dazzling display,
To some novel disease of the eyes.
'Gainst the new lights I stand by the old,
Though their sheen by comparison suffers!
Oh, for your good old days, dip and mold,
With your tinder-box, matches and snuffer

Walt. Ferguson's Cruise.

A Tale of the Antarctic Sea.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," "TENTING IN THE
NORTH WOODS," ETC., ETC.

TX.

THE EXPLORERS—BLOODHOUNDS ON THE TRACE

THE BITER BIT. whom they had met at Mattawamkeag and from whom they had purchased the yellow dog.

Dick Dunkirk cast an evil eye at the darkfaced fellow, whose great hand was fondling the formation which the little snow-shoe-maker had lately imparted—the number of times which the little snow-shoe-maker had lately imparted—the number of times which the little snow-shoe-maker had lately imparted—the number of times which the little snow-shoe-maker had lately imparted—the number of times which the little snow-shoe-maker had lately imparted—the number of times which the little snow-shoe-maker had lately imparted—the number of times which the little snow-shoe-maker had lately imparted—the number of times which the very a castering of besiegers which, say the least was ridiculous.

There was a scattering of besiegers which, say the least was ridiculous.

The three amateurs turned and ran! Oscar, and found nothing but disappointment and poverty. He knew something about milling and the many of the ship, but were sturdly bent upon finding out the mysteries of who he was and all about himself.

His name was Abel Kentridge, and he was the shot of a miller at Queensport, Maryland, who are dissipated to a miller at Queensport, Maryland, who are dissipated to a miller at Queensport, Maryland, who are dissipated to she worth less than nothing. Abel and gone to Philadelphia to seek his fortune, and found nothing but disappointment and poverty. He knew something about milling and the was the shad gone to Philadelphia to seek his fortune, and found nothing but disappointment and poverty. He knew something about milling and the was the worth less than nothing. They say that a bear which the uncouth snow-shoes prevented him from rising at once; and his companies of Oscar's situation occasioned a laugh from Snow-shoe Tom, which tingled the shoulder and the state of the shoulder and the state of the shoulder and the state of the worth less than nothing the department of the worth less than nothing the dead gone to Philadelphia to seek his fortune THE two set out together upon their exploring trip, bent upon finding out the mysteries of the strange land in which they found themselves.

"You don't care much for science, Zip."
"Science be blowed! I don't see no sense, I don't, in cruisin' 'round this yer heathen country, but, if you are bound to see it I'm bound to foller arter an' see what kind of cussedness you kin get into. Did you see the look the mate give you when you left the ship?"
"No."

"Then I did. He gave you a look that meant business. If he gets a lick at you he's jest goin' to do it. D'ye happen to know what I've got!"

"Little playthings; jest look at 'em!" He thrust his hand into his bosom and drew

out two heavy navy revolvers, and the boy saw at a glance that they were loaded. What did you bring them for?" demanded "If you don't find out before you get back then I'm a lunk-headed thief and a pirate. And to begin, jest take a look on the back

The boy turned and looked back, and saw The boy turned and looked back, and saw that four men were upon their trail, men who moved rapidly, bending forward like blood-hounds on a scent. Even at that distance the boy could see that the foremost among them was Portugee Pete, and that his companions

were the marked men of the Ellen Floyd were the marked men of the Ellen Floyd.

"I don't understand," said the boy; "what do they want; why do they follow us?"

"They want your life!" hissed the old sailor.

"It ain't so much mine, but at the same time they'll put me under the snow, too, ef they kin. Thar is Ned Travers, Black Dave, and Rube Rodgers, three as infernal scoundrels as ever lived on the face of the earth. I tell you we've got to look out for ourselves. Take one of these shooters and keep it out of sight. Do you know how to use it?"

how to use it? I guess I do!" averred the boy, with a le. "Do you think we will have to use

them?"

smile. "Do you think we will have to use them?"

"Not if I kin help it. I'm going to keep out of their way if I can, but ef I can't I'll do the next thing and fight for my life. I reckon you'll do the same. I only wish we had big Sam with us, and we'd make them fellers so sick—oh, how sick we would make em!"

They descended the ridge out of sight of the coast and began to run. And now, for the first time, the boy realized that, old as he was, there was plenty of life in Old Zip yet. He ran with the agility of a youth, and soon they came to a place where a great crevasse crossed the plain, something like a crack in the ice, which descended gradually into a long valley, fringed on both sides by low shrubs. Into this the old sailor sprung, and half-way down he paused suddenly and called to the boy to conceal himself amid the bushes. They were scarcely out of sight when the four men in pursuit came over the crest of the ridge and looked across the plain. The ones they sought were nowhere in sight. An executation burst from the throat of the The ones they sought were nowhere in sight.

An execration burst from the throat of the
Portuguese as he could no longer see them.

"If they get away, Black Dave, I cut your
heart out," he cried. "You so slow; you

smail."
"Where have they gone?" asked the sailor known as Black Dave, the one who had objected to the punishment of the Portuguese. ain't sunk into the earth, have they?"

lips.
"They gone down here!" he exclaimed.
"We find 'em now."
The four began the descent of the crevasse,

and soon passed the place where the two were hidden. A turn in the pass quickly hid them from view, and instantly Zip sprung out and began to run back over the course they had so

lately pursued.
"I've explored all I want to," he said, as the boy ran by his side. "I dunno how it strikes

"Hold on, there!" cried a voice behind them.
"Where are you running to? What are you afraid of?" It was the voice of Black Dave, and he came tearing up the ascent rapidly, followed by his

companions.

"Them fellers," said Zip, as he ran on by the side of his companion, "ain't got any weepons but their knives, and they don't know we've got shooters. Let's wait for them at the top and

I'm with you!" responded Walt, quietly. "Here they come."
The four men, panting for breath, had nearly reached the top, when the voice of Old Zip rung out, sharp and clear:
"Hold on, thar! Stop, or it will be the worse for you!"

for you!"

The men stopped in some confusion.
"Now, we kin talk just as well whar you are as we could nearer together," called out Zip.
"Jest spit it out; say what you want."
"We were going with you," Black Dave an-

swered.
"Is that the reason you brought Portugee Pete along? He loves us, don't he? Wants to fall on our necks and embrace us, don't he? Wal, he'd better try it!"
Wal, he'd better try it!"

Wal, he'd better try It!"

"Mebbe you want a muss?" cried Dave, angrily, beginning to advance. "I'd have you know, you old rip, that I've had a bone to pick with you ever since I came aboard the Sea Lion. You put on too much style, you do; do you want to fight?"

want to fight?"

"I don't keer if I do!" confessed Zip. "Now, look here, if you take another step I'll drive a harpoon through you."

"I don't care for your harpoon," howled Dave, advancing rapidly. "You old thief, we came out to fix you two, and we'll do it."

"Draw!" ordered Zip, in a whisper.

The boy obeyed, and quick as thought brought his revolver to bear upon the burly figure of Black Dave.

Black Dave

A howl of rage broke from the lips of Portugee Rush on!" he cried. "Dey can't shoot." "Let me give you a lesson. I am going to shoot you through the right cheek; like this!" and Walt's pistol gave a sharp crack.

Portugee Pete spun half round as the ball plowed its way through the flesh of his right

cheek.

"Now, I don't want any man's life," said the boy, quietly. "I didn't shoot to kill, that time, but I am going to now. The first person who steps over that line is a dead man; do you hear?"

The four ruffians paused in utter dismay. The four rufflans paused in utter dismay. They had looked for a rough-and-tumble fight, in which their knives would have the best of the argument. But the unexpected advent of pistols, in the hands of persons who shot so remarkably close, took them completely by surprise, and they halted on the safe side of the line pointed out by the boy, and began to parley. "See here, Zip," exclaimed Black Dave, "is this what you call fair fighting?"

"What do you call fair?" Zip asked; "four against two, you black thief?"

"Who said we was going to do that? I'll fight you in any shape you say, nip and tuck,

"Who said we was going to do that? I'll fight you in any shape you say, nip and tuck, up and down, any way you choose. You've only to say the word."

"Oh, I don't care to grease my paws by touchin' yer dirty hide, Davie, my sweet youth. You stand there mighty still or I'll plug you."

"You coward!" screamed Pete, shaking his fist angrily at the boy. "You 'fraid to give me a chance to get even."

"I'm sure I gave you a sound thrashing once,"

me a chance to get even."

"I'm sure I gave you a sound thrashing once," retorted Walt. "Perhaps you want another?"

The only reply was a sudden and rapid rush on the part of the enemy. Walt raised his hand and the pistol cracked twice. Black Dave threw up his hands and fell like a log, shot through the collar-bone, and Pete clapped his hand to the other side of his face, for the bullet had marked him exactly in the same way upon the other side.

upon the other side.

That stopped the rush. The others threw up their hands in token of submission. They evidently had had quite enough of that sort of sport.

"Now, I ain't got anything against you two and I'll leave you to take care of your friends. As for us, we are going back to the ship and I don't know whether the captain will take the trouble to send after that black thief or not,"

Walt announced.
"We weaken!" cried one of the men. "We weaken!" cried one of the men. "But, I tell you, my young bantam, if I had known what kind of a bird you were and how you were fixed, we'd have had shooting-irons as well as you. The captain needn't send for Dave; we'll bring him in."

The two explorers turned their backs woon

The two explorers turned their backs upon the beaten ruffians and were about to go away, the beaten rufflans and were about to go away, when Walt wheeled suddenly and caught the Portuguese in the act of hurling his open knife at his defenseless back. Again the pistol cracked, and the right arm of the rufflan dropped, broken, at his side.

"Now I hope you are satisfied!" said the boy, quietly. "If you keep on fooling, there won't be enough of you left to make a good sized toothpick. Any of you gentlemen feel like throwing knives?"

like throwing knives?"

"Not any for us!" was the reply. "Pete is a fool; he don't know when he is licked, but we

Again the two turned to go away, and this time they were not interrupted. Two hours later they came into the shed in a quiet way, and met Jack near the entrance.

"We met four of the men up there about four miles away and some of them have got hurt," said Walt, quietly. "Perhaps you had better send some man to help them in. By the way—do you know why they tried to murder us?"

The face of the mate turned livid, and he went away without a word. For the third time he had failed in his design against the

life of the gallant boy. (To be continued-commenced in No. 465.)

Has the rich man ever stopped to consider hat there are no baggage-cars on the road to Heaven?

MURDERERS are so common in Texas that the man dying a natural death in that State is looked upon as an impostor.

A VISITOR at a swell restaurant upset a tureen f soup on a lady's \$200 dress, and then said: 'Do not worry, madam; there's plenty more oup in the kitchen." SOME crusty, rusty, musty, fusty, dusty specimen of a man proposed the following toast at a celebration: "Our fire-engines—may they be like our old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."

A LITTLE girl who was spending a few days with a farmer uncle visited the barnyard, and while looking at the well-fed cows, remarked: "Why, uncle, just see, all the cows are chewing gum, aren't they?"

WHEN I wath a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my ideath in life were thentered on being a clown." "Well, there is at least one case of gratified am-

will find it. To say that you are looking for taken in all his life!" interrupted the shoemaker; "we'll find the bear presently."
Having enjoyed himself at Oscar's fright, Caribou Nick strode up to a large ree which leaned in no artistic manner, and applied an ear to the bark near the root.

The others now hastened up, well knowing in the properties of the properties of

the crevasse, and a cry of joy broke from his